

Children's Newspaper, November 6, 1926

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EUROPE IN A TRADE DUNGEON

See
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Eight

A SCRAP OF PAPER FROM THE ARCTIC THE GREATEST POLAR MYSTERY

**Echo of a Baffling Page in the
Story of Exploration**

MORE RELICS OF FRANKLIN

A poor human skull, a few strips of navy serge, and a strip of oak from a sledge are not much. Yet the discovery of these things, far in the Arctic North, has made the blood of brave men tingle.

They are moving relics of the Franklin North-West Passage Expedition, which set sail from England in 1846 with 129 officers and men, to be lost evermore in the pitiless frozen wilderness.

The story of the tragedy is familiar. The freezing-in of the ships, their abandonment after two hopeless years by famished crews, who were seen by Eskimos dragging their boats on sledges, dropping dead as they toiled; the finding, after 14 years of search, of bones and broken boats, woodwork, ammunition, clothes, tea, and chocolate, and the awful evidences of cannibalism among the last few survivors before they died—all this is known.

The Only Record

A great mystery remains, however. The only record ever discovered was a single scrap of paper, on which were three entries, telling us all we know, and written, the first in April, 1847, and the second, which includes the third, in April, 1848. No other piece of their writing has ever come to light.

It was a brilliant crew of officers and men, and they must have kept diaries, yet their sole communication to posterity was one scrap of paper, and that left 15 years earlier by Sir James Ross, asking the finder to forward it to the Admiralty. Beneath that notice the owner would write his observations, then bury it in a cairn of ice.

The Last Messages

But here only the printed upper part of the form was left, and Franklin's men wrote their messages round the blank margins; first in April, 1847, reporting "All's well," then in April, 1848, the second and third messages.

The second told of the quitting of the ice-bound ships by 105 souls (so that 24 had already died), of the death of Franklin in a place unnamed, and of a start on the morrow, April 26, 1848, for Back's Fish River. The two captains of the ship signed the paper, to which was appended the brief story of the document's discovery in the cairn.

No log book, no diary, no letter, no scrap of writing of any value, was found, though boats, tents, stacks of clothes, and several cairns were searched. That meagre document, and the absence of all other, is the most perplexing of an altogether inexplicable tragedy.

The Duchess Unafraid



The Duke of York has driven the new Southern locomotive Lord Nelson, the most powerful engine in Britain, from the railway company's works at Ashford into Ashford Station, the Duchess riding with him, unafraid. Here we see the Duchess mounting the engine

A LIFE WELL LIVED Fine Tribute to a Teacher

A great tribute has been paid to Dr. H. A. James.

He has been assistant master at Marlborough, Headmaster of Rugby and two other schools, Dean of St. Asaph, and President of St. John's College, Oxford, the post he still holds. There was a distinguished gathering at a dinner given in recognition of his having been created a Companion of Honour.

The Lord Chancellor declared that Dr. James is the kind of man this country wants—whatever was right he would do; whatever was wrong he fought with all his might; Sir Austen Chamberlain declared Dr. James to be "one of the greatest and most forceful characters who had ever devoted himself to education"; and another bright speaker declared that Dr. James had a wonderful gift of bowling twisters in cricket, and that in teaching A. G. Steel how to get a twist on the ball he had truly helped England to win a Test Match!

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY

An Old Friend in Town

Jean Sterling Mackinlay is back in town, with her merry company, like a long-lost friend come home.

She and Mr. Harcourt Williams are giving jolly recitals at the Aeolian Hall, half the audience being children in years and all children in spirit. For Miss Mackinlay is a veritable fairy godmother. It is not that common things are suddenly changed into beautiful things by her; she opens our eyes to the fact that they have been lovely all along.

It is odd to think that Miss Mackinlay, who now inspires such confidence and friendliness, chose a particular ballad for her opening song at her very first matinee because it enabled her to make her appearance backward! Now every song she sings is like a lovely bead, and she strings them, one after another, on to a strong, fine thread of a gracious and winning personality.

FLUNG OFF IN THE SKY

AIRSHIP DROPS TWO AEROPLANES

**How They Sailed Away Quietly
Into Space**

STORY FOR THE HISTORY BOOKS

Flying at the speed of a railway train, the R 33, the great airship, type of the trans-oceanic air-liners of the future, the other day let slip two standard aeroplanes which she carried, and they fell as lightly and easily away from her as if they had been two model paper planes flung by a schoolboy into the air.

The successful release, the instant command of the aeroplane's flight and descent, mark a new epoch in the history of man's command of the air. It is a step toward that vision which Tennyson saw and put into inspired lines more than half a century ago, when he

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales.

Doubts Set at Rest

The costly bales the R 33 dropped were the human lives in two machines of the Gloucester Grebe type, piloted by Flying-Officer Mackenzie Richards and Flying-Officer R. L. Ragg.

More than one doubt was set at rest by the success of the experiment. A full-size aeroplane is a heavy thing, requiring a lifting power from the airship equivalent to 40,000 cubic feet of the airship's hydrogen. When the car of a balloon touches the ground on the balloon's descent for the first time the passengers are warned not to try to get out, because the sudden release of their weight will send the balloon up again sky-high. Would the dropping of the pilot aeroplane disturb the delicate balance of the R 33? It did not. She swam on like a swan, and this though she had never been designed with the proper tackle either for carrying or dropping aeroplanes.

A Thrilling Moment

To ordinary surmise the far more searching question was whether the aeroplanes, when released, would drop safely away. They did. But it must have been a thrilling moment when the pilots, having climbed down into them by short rope-ladders to where they hung suspended to a single point on the airship's frame, saw that their engines were running, and then, pulling a lever, severed their connection with their foster-parent ship.

A thrill indeed! But the time will come when such adventures will be commonplace, and when airships, ploughing the airways between continents and over the breadth of continents, will drop their passengers by aeroplanes at cities on their way. Pictures on page 3

THE TRIUMPH OF MARCONI

BEAMS ACROSS THE WORLD

The Wireless Lighthouses and What They Mean

DIRECTING THE RAYS

Signor Marconi and his colleagues have lit such a light in wireless telegraphy as will never be put out.

Their wireless lighthouses will soon be sending dot-and-dash messages in beams across the oceans and the continents to Canada and South Africa, India and Australia.

It is now four years since a Marconi engineer showed how wireless signals might be shot out in desired directions like beams from an optical lantern. The wireless signals are carried on the beam waves, which are shorter in length than the vast wireless waves that are broadcast by the great power stations over the Atlantic.

Four-Years Experiment

The term broadcasting hardly applies to the beam messages. A great power station flings its electrons in every direction into space, so that they may be picked up anywhere—even on the Moon if a Moon-dweller had a wireless set ready there among the craters. But the beam messages are transmitted within a small angle, perhaps of ten degrees. They can be focussed in a given direction, so that, for example, they might strike Paris and pass Brussels by.

That was, and is, the most remarkable achievement of the beam, and the greatest advance in wireless transmission. But the principle, though established four years ago, demanded incessant watching and experiment before it could be put into practice. The main question was whether these *directed* rays could be made powerful enough and efficient enough to carry the dot-and-dash messages clearly at a high rate of speed.

600 Words a Minute

Before the Post Office would accept their services for sending messages to Canada they laid down the condition that the beams should carry signals at a speed of 500 letters each way.

The test has been made. It was continued over seven days, and in that time the beams between the wireless lighthouses at Bodmin or at Bridgwater, exchanged messages with Canada at the rate of 600 letters a minute, or 1200 backward and forward for 18 hours a day. The beam-lighthouse established itself solidly and completely with something to spare.

The Unseen Cables

Soon other beam stations will rise up to join the wireless lighthouses at Bodmin and Bridgwater, one at Tetney, near Grimsby, and another at Winthorpe, near Skegness, for lighting up Australia or India with beam messages; and a station near Dorchester is nearly completed to send messages across the Atlantic to North or South America and exchange them with a similar station at Rio de Janeiro.

This is the first step in the scheme which will link station to station by an overhead system all over the world, as securely as if by submarine cable; and Signor Marconi is hopeful that the beams will some day carry telephoned words as well as signalled letters. What a world it is going to be!

LEST WE FORGET

A Tablet in the Abbey

A MILLION MEN WHO DIED FOR YOU

The memorial tablet to our Million Dead has been unveiled in the Abbey just as our thoughts are turning once more toward Armistice Day. We are reminded afresh of the sacrifice of these men, each of whom, being dead, yet speaketh.

The tablet, which is in the nave, was unveiled by the Prince of Wales, in company with the Premiers of our Dominions. It is a stone slab, very simple and grand, plainly written for all to see, and it says:

To the glory of God and to the memory of one million dead of the British Empire, who fell in the Great War 1914—1918.

They died in every quarter of the Earth, and on all its seas, and their graves are made sure for them by their kin. The main host lie buried in the land of our Allies of the War, who have set aside their resting-places in honour for ever.

As the years go by, millions will pass by and read this tribute to those who fought and fell. They will ponder again and again on its beautiful words, which might have come straight out of the Bible. They will look round on the walls where so many memorials lie, heaping up sentence by sentence the story of the growth of a nation; and they will go away feeling that it is worth while to live and to die for such a land.

THE FOX TAKES HIS LAST REVENGE

The Un-English Sport

When the Ullswater foxhounds go out to hunt the fox two terriers are attached to the pack for the purpose (which has never seemed to us a very sporting purpose) of worrying out the fox if and when he succeeds in bolting down a burrow. It seems rather un-English.

A fox which thus purchased a short respite after being chased by the pack did something more before its gallant career was ended. Two terriers were sent into the hole after it had taken to earth, and with its back to the wall the fox fought gallantly and died rather than come out.

In death it was still an enemy, for its carcase blocked the way out. One terrier got back again; the second was imprisoned five days before it could be blasted out from the fox-earth in the rocky surface. It was little the worse, and is to be congratulated on a fine recovery. When Dr. Watts apologised for the dogs which bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to," he might have added that it is the dog's instinct, bred in him during thousands of years, to hunt.

But the tale that is told of the Ullswater terriers leaves the balance of sympathy with the fox. The scales are always weighted against him, and we are sorry for the people who can call themselves English and think it fair.

THE LEAGUE AND THE FILMS

Their Bad Effect

A Committee of the League of Nations has reported that the abuse of the kinema has definitely harmful effects not only on the minds but on the health and nervous systems of children.

The Committee recommends that in each country there should be a censorship to exclude demoralising films, and international agreements as to the general lines on which these decisions should be made. It is proposed, also, to set up an international exchange of educational films.

STRASBOURG TOWER IS SAFE AGAIN

How French and German Labour Lifted It

A WONDERFUL 20-YEARS WORK

In Strasbourg City the cathedral bells were rung, the people cheered, the flags were flung, for after twenty years the great cathedral tower stood firmly on its strong foundations.

Twenty years ago it sank and trembled, for it had been built on marshy ground. The Germans, who were then masters of Strasbourg, had no mind to see the noble pile laid low. With patience and skill their engineers thrust a temporary platform beneath the tower, taking years in the task, so that it should not fail, and then gently raised the whole of the vast bulk by steel jacks.

A Happy Coincidence

The war came to suspend the work; the war went and the work was only half done, for the shaky foundations had not been solidified.

Strasbourg went back to France with Alsace, and the French engineers took the work up where the Germans had left it. They have now completed the noble task, filling in the foundations to last for centuries, and then cautiously lowering the lifted tower into its place.

By a happy coincidence the end of a task which German thoroughness and French ingenuity have combined to make good has come at a moment when France and Germany, their enmities set behind them, have joined hands to strengthen the foundations of peace in Europe.

Picture on page 7

EVERY DAY EVERYWHERE

Something Brave is Always Being Done

The C.N. extends its congratulations to all those to whom the Royal Humane Society has made its new awards. Among the names on this list of men who have shown heroism in saving life we find not only English ones but some very foreign-sounding titles. Rakha Isai, a boatman of the Gujarat district, takes his place with A. J. Lambert, postman of Tilbury, and Suhman Sheikh Ajan comes next to William Lewis, aged 13, of Hackney. All over the world there are brave people who risk their own lives to save someone else's, and all over the world go the medals and parchments of the Royal Humane Society in token of the world's admiration.

The stories of the brave deeds thus honoured would be too long to tell, but we must find room for Assistant-Steward Barry, of the Waimana. On February 19, when the ship was crossing the Caribbean Sea, a passenger fell overboard. Barry jumped over and held the man up till they were rescued, three-quarters of an hour later. His medal was well earned, and we hope he may live long to wear it.

WHAT MAKES THE SAND WHISTLE?

Asking the Microscope

There is some very mysterious sea sand in a small bay near Aberdaran, Carnarvon, which whistles if it is disturbed, even by moving it with the hand.

The whistling sands have been known for a long time, but why or how they make their whistling noise has remained a mystery. Now it has occurred to a scientist to bring a supply of the sand to London, and the reason for the whistling is to be sought through the microscope. It is hoped the sand grains may be made to give up their secret through a powerful lens.

BIG BEN STRIKES IN LABRADOR

And Grenfell Hears it in London

Big Ben when it strikes seven tonight will tell Greenwich time to poor fishermen in the hospitals of Labrador.

Gales may be roaring outside; the narrow strip of coast to which the people of Labrador cleave, and on which they till their poor crops to add them to the harvest of the sea, may be bound in winter's icy grip, but in the comfort of Dr. Grenfell's hospitals they will hear over the wireless the great bell of Westminster ring in their ears.

Everyone knows of Grenfell of Labrador who went as a healer of souls to that drear land thirty years ago, and is now the father, the healer, the doctor, the nourisher of his scattered flock. He comes back to England at rare intervals, not to tell what he has done, but to tell how his poor people are getting on. He lectures so as to find a little more money to lighten their poverty and to give to them, especially to the women and children, better care in the hospital.

It was he who said that when he drove past Big Ben he looked up to it with vast respect, remembering how its chimes were heard in his Labrador hospitals, and he said one other thing too, which is even better worth being remembered:

"God does not give us all 47 inches round the chest," said Dr. Grenfell, "but He does give us a big measurement for the soul." Dr. Grenfell takes the largest size.

A NEW SIGHT FOR PARIS

Seeing the World in the Sky

The famous French shipping company the Messageries Maritimes has provided Paris with a strange and interesting spectacle. It is a huge floating globe of the world, nearly twenty feet in diameter—just under the diameter of Big Ben.

The globe is skilfully suspended from a giant crane, and appears to float in the sky at night. It has been built up with a wooden framework, over which a cover of translucent cloth is stretched. The sea is painted blue and the land is yellow.

It is costly to illuminate, for twenty-five thousand candle-power electric lamps are needed to give the globe its light.

ANOTHER C.N. TOY NEXT WEEK

Another working toy will be given away with the C.N. next week. Ask your newsagent now to reserve a copy for you.

THINGS SAID

This great Empire is holding humanity together. *Sir Aba Bailey*

Worry is largely due to bad food. *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

The road to success is filled with women pushing their husbands along. *Lord Dewar*

Too much of the stir of today leads nowhere; it goes round and round and never arrives. *Archbishop of York*

The weakness of the Empire lies in the want of knowledge we have of each other. *Prime Minister of New Zealand*

Not one of the idle rich enjoys leisure as much as the man who has worked before his leisure. *Lord Grey*

There is no way out for the British Empire except along the highway of the League. *Dr. Norwood*

We think too much about whether an air line pays, and not enough of whether it will help a country. *Sir Alan Cobham*

Since hours of work were reduced women do as much in 48 hours as in 52; the men do less. *Mr. W. B. Faraday*

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The Children's Newspaper

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DON QUIXOTE RIDES AGAIN

WHY THE CRIPPLES JOINED IN A PROCESSION

The Brave Cervantes and His Mocker's Scorn

HOW HE LOST HIS HAND

Time truly does bring in his revenges. Cervantes, the immortal author of Don Quixote, was once reviled and mocked because he had but one hand. Now his deficiency has been the occasion of an enthusiastic tribute to his memory.

Spain, as we read in last week's C.N., has been holding a Festival of the Book, and one of the bodies present at the festival was the Institute of the Maimed, which asserted its right to participate on the ground that Cervantes, whose birthday it was, had only one hand. Of course no excuse was necessary as a pretext to honour this greatly-beloved genius, but the idea has a touch of pathetic whimsicality which would have delighted Cervantes himself.

Freeing the Galley Slaves

He lost a hand in the great naval battle of Lepanto, a battle of the utmost consequence to Europe, for it stayed for the first time the appalling advance of the Turks across Europe, and that very day it released 12,000 Christian slaves from Turkish galleys. Cervantes had his hand cut off in the fight, and his left arm was maimed for life.

Years later, after his capture by pirates and his long captivity in Algiers, during which he began his immortal work, the merry genius of the unconquerable spirit of Cervantes gave great offence to authors who lived by writing the silly books on mock chivalry which Don Quixote so exquisitely ridiculed. One of them savagely attacked Cervantes in print, and referred insultingly to his maimed hand.

The temper of the wounded lion kindled at this, and he made a famous reply. His enemy, he said, had taunted him on the loss of one of his hands, "as if that maim had been got in a scandalous or drunken quarrel in some tavern, and not upon the most memorable occasion that either past or present ages have beheld, and which, perhaps, futurity will never parallel."

A Small Price to Pay

Those who knew how the wounds were got he was sure would honour them, he said; and he went on:

I am so far from being ashamed of the loss of my hand that were it possible to recall the same opportunity I should think my wounds but a small price to pay for the glory of sharing in so prodigious an action. The scars in a soldier's face and breast are the stars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honour and glory.

Besides (he added) it is not the hand but the understanding of a man that may be said to write.

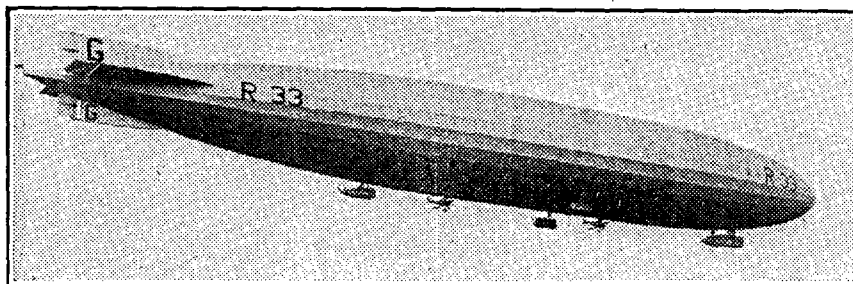
His abuser, poor, feeble man, little dreamed that the scars he mocked would become a special patent of glory in their country's national day on behalf of the literature which Cervantes made so notable; and we all enjoy our Don Quixote the more by remembering that the incomparable genius who wrote it suffered the agonies of the brave soldier and the wrath of a brave man mocked.

A WHALE IN THE OCEAN TRACK

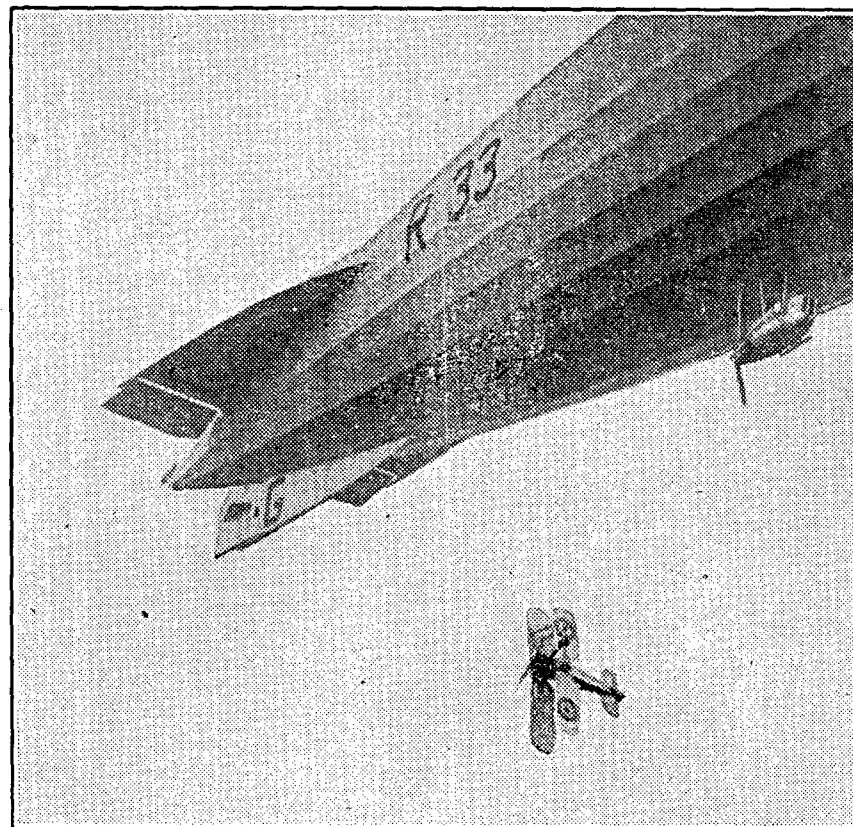
When a big French liner was approaching Havana one night not long ago the ship suddenly trembled, and everyone thought there had been a collision.

At daybreak, however, the engines were reversed, and there appeared on the surface a whale, sixty feet long, which had been caught in the propellers and had entirely held up the ship.

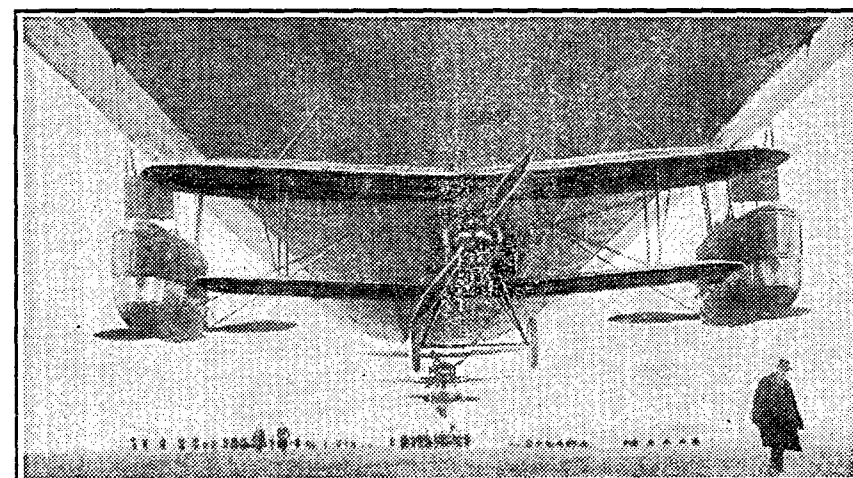
FLINGING OUT TWO AEROPLANES



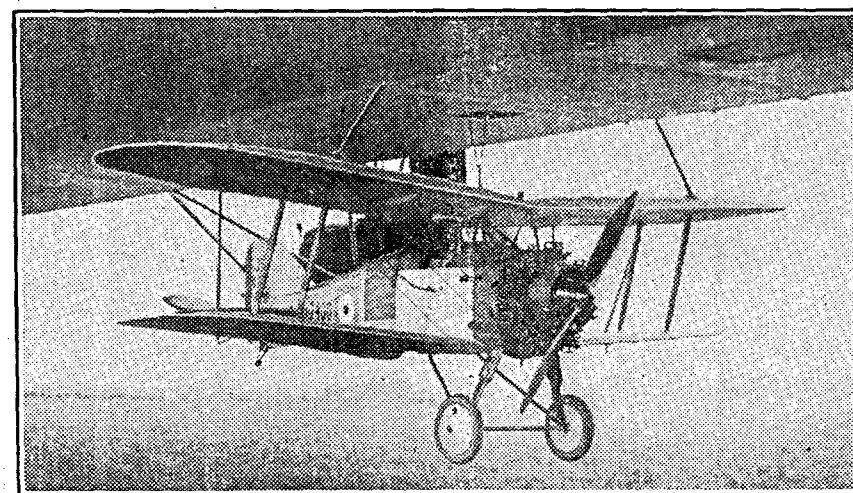
The R 33 setting off with the two aeroplanes



One of the aeroplanes released from the airship



A view under the R 33, showing the aeroplanes



How an aeroplane is attached to the airship

A remarkable experiment was carried out with the R 33 the other day. Two aeroplanes attached to the keel of the giant airship were released at a height of 2000 feet and flung into space. This plan enormously extends the range of the aeroplane, which can be carried great distances by airship before using its own fuel. See page one

THE SEA THAT SCARED COLUMBUS'S MEN

A TRAVELLER GOES TO SEE IT

A Scientist's Great Voyage of Discovery

ONE MORE LEGEND GONE

A Madrid newspaper is offering £2000 for the best essay to prove that Columbus, whom the rest of the world regards as a son of Genoa, was born a Spaniard. But a little company of scientific adventurers has been celebrating him as simply an immortal on one of the great stretches of seaway which led him to the New World.

The company was on board the steam yacht Arcturus, and its leader was Mr. William Beebe, Director of Tropical Research at the New York Zoo. His new book on The Arcturus Adventure, published by Putnams, is enthralling.

Mythical Terrors

Mr. Beebe followed the track of Columbus into the dreaded Sargasso Sea, the ocean of weeds reputed to clutch ships as octopuses clutch their prey, and to hold them there till their crews perished and the ships' timbers rotted. It was that same sea of weed which so terrified the craven crew of Columbus and made them fear that they would never escape.

The terrors of the Sargasso Sea prove as mythical as those which beset Ulysses in the Odyssey. Whatever may be its condition in the height of seasonal growth, in spring and summer, the Sargasso Sea in autumn and winter is a mere area of disconnected patches of weed, no patch bigger than a man's hand; no meadows of matted weed, no grave of entangled ships, but just weed-dotted open water. The Sargasso Sea of the old legends turns out to be a fraud!

Amazing Forms of Life

Yet the life about it is full of wonder. Take this picture of a Leptocephalus, the larva form of the eel before it has changed from trout-shape to the cylindrical and sets out eastward across the Atlantic for an English ditch:

I dipped in my hand and lifted out a 12-inch piece of flexible water. There was absolutely no structure, yet here was a living fish. When the head was placed under a microscope there leaped into view a regular old-fashioned dragon, with enormously long sabre teeth, which, were the animal 12 feet instead of 12 inches in length, would make it infinitely more dangerous than the largest anaconda snake.

In the course of the long voyage amazing life-forms were examined: fish with luminous lamps as guides and as lures; argosies of logs bearing seeds to ocean islands, logs of which a single example was found to carry 54 species of animal life; sea snakes still containing their last meal of live fish; huge fish with pieces bitten out of their shoulders by greater fish.

Scalding Sea-Water

Mr. Beebe made scores of dives into the sea, and discovered life in the fretted rocks which the dredge can never bring up; saw octopuses and sharks hunting; fish of myriad hues at play and at work; and little fish in rocky channels guarding their homes with watch-dog ferocity.

The party was in time to see a volcano come to life in one of the Galapagos Islands. They saw the boiling lava burst the cliffs and rise in white steam from the sea, where the heat killed all life. A sea-lion entered the heated zone, but flung itself in agony from the scalding water, leaped five times into the air, and then sank to rise no more. Lava was entering the sea at a temperature of 3000 degrees.

Mr. Beebe's book is one of the best volumes of stories and sea science published for many a day, but it has this danger: once taken up it cannot be put down, for it has in fact the spell the Sargasso Sea has only in fiction.

MANY INVENTIONS THE BRAIN THAT THINKS OF EVERYTHING

Remarkable Show of Mechanical
Ideas at Westminster

CLEAN DUST-CARTS AND TIDY NURSERIES

What thoughtful people these inventors are! Anyone who had walked into the Central Hall at Westminster while they were holding their International Exhibition of Inventions would have come away feeling that they spent their lives, waking or sleeping, in finding out how to prevent the tiresome things that are always happening to the rest of the world.

There is the spoon that will slip into the gravy; the inventor has got round that. There is the moth that will slip into the fur; and the inventor has a bag for him. Then there are the window which will rattle at night, and the saucepan lid that drops into the pot, and the teapot that drips, the vegetables which boil over on the stove, and the rat that never will be missed. The inventor has got them on his list. He has something for all.

Something for Every Need

Does the housemaid put down the hot-water can on the best carpet? Never mind; the inventor will keep it from doing any damage. He has got a device. Buy one, he cries, for your baby's bath! Are you afraid of the cat-burglar? There were at least two inventions which would keep him on the right side of the window. When, with that fear abolished, you get into bed on these chilly nights, and the clothes fall off, what is to be done? The inventor has thought of that too. He has got something which will tuck you in, and keep you tucked in, till the alarm clock calls you in the morning. Needless to say, he has a word to say about alarm clocks.

When sleep wraps you round like a cloak, thoughts and all, the daily worries may be forgotten. They will return with the morning light. But the inventor stocks remedies for them. *What d'ye lack, good people?* he cries, as the old London apprentices used to cry outside the shops, and he will supply something for every need.

Thoughts for Travellers

He has a notebook which always opens at the right place for the clerk, and a curtain-rod which never sags for the housewife. He furnishes a portable fire-stove that can be taken up to the bedroom to give a new lease to the expensive relics of the drawing-room fire. As for travellers, his thoughts are always with them. He offers a folding desk which can be wrapped round the neck while in use in the train and put away in the suit-case as easily as the curling-tongs. It can also be used while reading in bed, though this is not to be recommended.

We are sorry that the inventor is sometimes too indulgent to bad habits. Nobody should smoke while driving a car, but the inventor makes it easy for the smoker to puff cigarette after cigarette without taking his hand from the wheel.

To Make Nurseries Brighter

He has also a safety-device to prevent the collar-stud from rolling under the chest of drawers. He called it a "boom" to every man. The word is his own; perhaps he meant to say boon.

There were other boons or booms. There was one which was most surprisingly labelled "kissing abolished," but it referred only to a new hand-threading shuttle for weaving, where this habit on the part of silk, cotton, or wool is

THE WRONG WORD 100 YEARS AGO

Privy Council Looking
Into It

WHO OWNS LABRADOR?

Who would live in Labrador? It is a lonely land of stones, with rivers that cannot be crossed because their banks have no trees for bridges, and with mosquitoes in such vast swarms that they would turn back an army. Fishermen earn a hard living on its coasts. That is all.

Yet two peoples want it because they hope it is not quite all and that Labrador hides mineral wealth in its stony fastnesses. The two peoples are Newfoundland and Canada, and they are going to law for the prize.

In the judicial room of the Privy Council in Downing Street counsel learned in the law from Canada and Newfoundland, and more counsel from the English Bar, are now laying the disputed rights of the Dominions before the Lords of Appeal, the highest authority in the British Empire. Many speeches will be made, documents a hundred years old will be examined, and their meaning will be made a matter of dispute. Much money will be spent; £200,000 has already gone.

Carelessness of Long Ago

It all arises from the fact that the lawyers who drew up a treaty about Labrador between Canada and Newfoundland a century ago did not use the right word. At any rate, they used words which did not make their meaning clear. As Labrador seemed such a hopeless and desert land three generations of Canadians and Newfoundlanders did not trouble about it.

Then, in the struggle for wealth and power, it was rumoured that barren Labrador had spoils to give to any who could wring them from the stony land, so the old treaty was examined afresh. Newfoundland offered to renounce her claim to three million pounds and a strip of coastline. Canada, perhaps not prepared to pay such a price for a pig in a poke, has chosen to go to law about it. And that is why the counsel and the judges are now so busy over Labrador in Downing Street.

Continued from the previous column

thought undesirable. But the most astonishing stall of all was one decked with coconuts advertising a device by which anybody could take a piece out of his skull with complete accuracy in two minutes.

The exhibition had many more serious moments than this, and many inventions of real utility. There was, for example, the new sanitary dust-cart, which is so fitted as to hinder completely the scattering of vilely-smelling refuse and the germs inhabiting it, which most dust-carts distribute so freely in the streets. We strongly commend it to our local rulers; it will save our streets from many offensive sights and add to our health and wealth. Among a number of inventions which inventive women have devised to make nurseries brighter and the mother's task easier was a rabbit-shaped box-chair for helping children to keep their toys tidy, which could also be converted into a small table, and in its honourable middle-age might become a bath-room chair or a housemaid's box.

It reminded us a little in its adaptability of that invention described a generation ago by Max Adler, which was convertible from a library table into a pair of steps, but, having developed an embarrassing habit of effecting the change at unexpected moments, was at last banished to the attic, where it could, and did, practise its transformations by itself.

DRAKE'S DRUM Sounded at His Burial

THE LITTLE COPY AT
MEAVY SCHOOL

The C.N. some time ago explained the happy idea by which the children of Meavy School, near Plymouth, are called to school by a gong made in the form of a drum.

We described the drum set in the turret of the school roof, with its little copy of the Golden Hind swinging in the wind above.

A C.N. friend in this lovely part of beautiful Devon writes to say that it has often been imagined that the drum in the little school tower is the original Drake's Drum from Buckland Abbey, and asks us to contradict this belief.

This idea was not, of course, suggested in the C.N. The facts are that, at the desire of the architect of Meavy School, Lord and Lady Seaton, who have the high privilege of living in Drake's Home, allowed a copy to be made of the drum in their possession which was sounded at the burial of Drake in the deep Atlantic. It is this copy which is set up above Meavy School, and is sounded every day to summon the children of Meavy, all the little Francis Drakes and otherwise of this little Devon village, to their daily lessons.

By the great courtesy of Lady Seaton a photograph of the drum is to appear in the Drake section of the Children's Museum, which is now appearing in the Children's Treasure House.

HOW A WONDERFUL THING IS DONE

The Buoy which Lights Itself

The ingenious way in which a buoy in the sea lights itself up at dusk and puts its light out at daybreak was shown the other day in the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society.

Lecturing on substances which are sensitive to light, Mr. Thorne Baker showed how the light from striking a match could be used to ring an electric bell or set an electric magnet to work.

When light falls in a high vacuum upon sensitive substances such as potassium or sodium a shower of electrons darts away from the surface and can be caught by a metal ring placed in its path. The stream of negative electricity makes a path across which a more powerful current can travel, and so it is that when the light strikes the cell, as it is called, the electric current can flow to a magnet and make it turn on or extinguish a lamp.

Mr. Baker measured the actual strength of an electric lamp by an instrument which made a musical note in a loud-speaker. The more powerful the light the shriller is the note, and by finding just what the note is (comparing it with a tuning-fork) the candle-power of the lamp can be ascertained.

CYCLING ACROSS THE SAHARA

A Parsee Scoutmaster's Feat

The bicycle has once more proved itself one of the most reliable and sturdy machines for getting about.

Scoutmaster F. J. Davar, a Parsee cyclist who left Bombay in February, 1924, on a tour round the world, has cycled across the Sahara, a feat no one hitherto would have dreamed to be possible. With one companion he travelled from Algiers to Agades, on the Niger, covering two-thirds of the way a wheel.

At one halt they were able to hire a camel to carry water and provisions, and they were also lodged and fed by a kindly sheik; but otherwise they had to rely on their own resources.

None the worse for their astonishing trip, they have now taken ship to continue their tour in South Africa.

IS THE EARTH SLOWING DOWN?

Timing Everybody's Clock

WIRELESS DOING SOMETHING
NEW IN THE WORLD

For long the Earth has been suspected by the astronomers of slowing down. The twinkling stars seemed to be a witness of it, and the Moon also has appeared to have difficulty in keeping time with her parent.

On one Friday night of October all the great observatories of the world began to make at one and the same time a test of the Earth's timekeeping, in order to furnish a foundation for inquiring into possible irregularities.

It is wireless which has enabled such a test to be made simultaneously all over the world. The wireless signal telling the astronomical observer when to take the time can be flashed between observatories a thousand miles apart without the loss of the hundredth part of a second. No attempt at synchronising the clocks of the world's observatories at any given moment could be so exact as that which wireless makes possible.

Establishing Absolute Time

When, in this fashion, all the world's astronomical clocks were set together without the difference of a hundredth part of a second a standard was established for future observations. The experiments, which began in October, will last a month, and thus what may be called Absolute Time for every observatory, in whatever longitude it stands, will be established.

When the experiments are repeated a year hence it will be possible to say if some observatories have lost and others have gained, and that may tell whether the Earth's speed of rotation is altering. If it is altering we may also find out why.

WHEAT AND YET MORE WHEAT

The Wonderful Mussolini
AN ITALIAN FARMER DOES
A GREAT THING

One of the proudest men in Italy today is a Sicilian farmer who has been awarded 20,000 lire and a motor-tractor for increasing his wheat crop threefold.

All Italy, urged on by Mussolini, is trying to grow more wheat, and yet more wheat, till the day comes when there will be no need to import supplies from abroad. The yield of this year's harvest is larger by one-third than before the campaign for intensified production, and it is believed that there is still room for improvement.

They call this great campaign in Italy the National Competition for the Battle of Wheat, and that there is good sense behind it is shown by the fact that the Sicilian farmer has already made three blades grow where one grew before.

Italy will command the warm support of all Europe if her new energies can be directed into such vital and peaceful channels as these. It is the best side of the work and spirit of her present leader, the wonderful Mussolini.

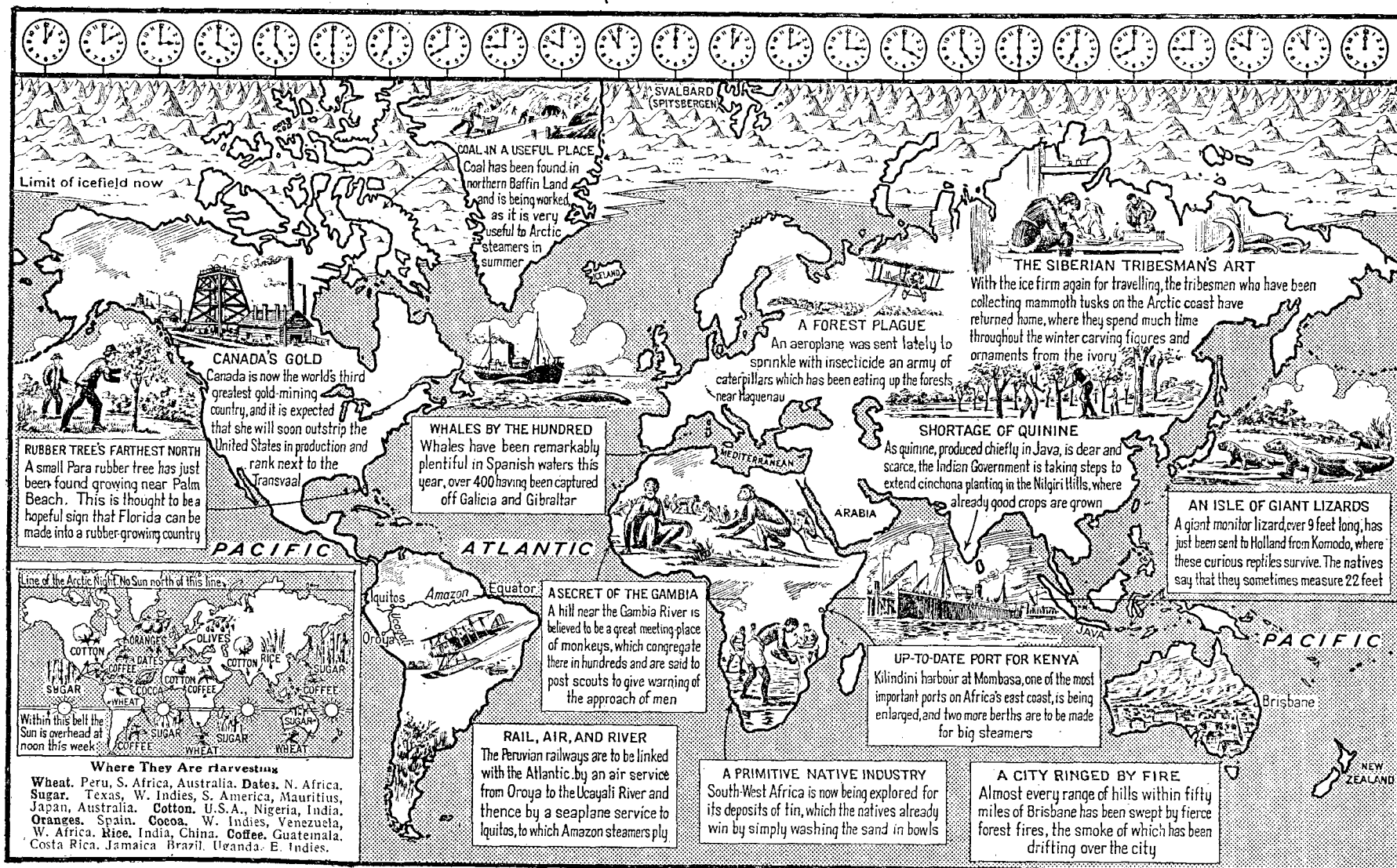
A FILM RIGHTS A WRONG The Kinema in Court

The kinema made itself useful the other day in a novel and altogether pleasing fashion.

The case came before the Law Courts at Strasbourg of an engine-driver who had been sentenced to sixty days in prison because he was said to have caused an accident through neglect, though he protested his innocence.

To prove whether his story was true a rehearsal of the accident was filmed and the film was shown to the judges, who then and there decided that the driver had been wrongly condemned.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



£1000 IN THE COLLECTION BOX

A Cathedral Surprise
THE OLD SCOTSWOMAN'S BLESSING

What a secret joy must glow in the heart of the man who, all unseen, slipped a £1000 note into the collection at Salisbury Cathedral the other Sunday!

The service was being held on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and this worshipper had in mind that sentence in it which bade him not to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth.

He must be kin to the unknown benefactor who for twenty-five years has sent £1000 every year to the Lifeboat Institution. Some relative, perhaps, also, of the giver who used to send 500 bright new sixpences every year to be distributed at Christmas among the children of the London hospitals.

It is the spirit of the gift that counts. The passer-by who drops his coin into the tin cup of the blind beggar and hurries on has the same warming thrill. The beggar cannot see his benefactor; his murmured word of thanks is addressed not to the individual but to the whole world of charity.

Yet it must be a kingly joy to have the power to confer the splendid benefit, and that men can seek it makes the world better. They want no thanks, but on them falls the old Scots fisherwoman's blessing when she wished that her benefactor should be "with the rich of the world all your days, and with the poor in the world to come."

Pronunciations in This Paper

Agades	Ah-gah-dez
Galapagos	Gah-lah-pah-gos
Iquitos	E-kee-tos
Nilgiri	Neel-gee-re
Seychelles	Say-shell
Ucayali	Oo-kah-yah-lee
Ulysses	U-lis-seez

A RACE ON A MOUNTAIN
Eighty-Four Wins

There is a new gold watch ticking in the pocket of M. Donald Rief, of Innsbruck, and the C.N. is glad to know it.

M. Rief is now 84. He was once a famous Alpine guide. The other day at a café a group of guides, young and old, were talking of their achievements. One man made a joke about M. Rief's age. He replied that he was quite ready to climb, and challenged the whole group to a race up and down the Zugspitze. The prize was to be a dinner. Nine young men accepted the challenge.

The Zugspitze is over 9000 feet high. Someone reached the top shortly before M. Rief, but on the return journey the veteran got home half an hour before anyone else. All Innsbruck was delighted by the news of Eighty-Four's victory, and at the prize dinner the grand old guide was presented with a gold watch. It was a good trophy, for he has certainly triumphed over Time.

WALES LOSES A POET

Eifion Wyn

We think we do well to record the death of Eifion Wyn, a most successful competitive poet in the Principality.

Few outside Wales are able to judge Welsh song, and it is right, therefore, that the national opinion of a poet with an almost exclusively national circulation should be accepted outside the range of the language used. So judged, Eifion Wyn must have been a very considerable lyrical poet.

Almost every year for some thirty years he won prizes at the Eisteddfod, though he never won the chief bardic honour. Many hymns in wide use in his native tongue were written by him. The University of Wales judged that his distinction warranted the bestowal of the M.A. degree upon him.

The poet, whose age was 59, began work as a pupil teacher, and later became a Congregational minister.

THANK YOU, RICH PEOPLE

12 Captives Set Free

Sometimes the right people are rich.

The other day a car was driving through the streets of Leigh. Suddenly it checked, and then backed till it came opposite a shop where birds and animals were sold. Two women got out and entered the shop. Soon afterwards they came out carrying four cages, with three larks fluttering in each. The women opened the cages, and twelve happy birds rose into the air. After them went a cheer from the spectators.

No human person likes to think of a freeborn lark in a cage, or in a saucepan, and those who saw the captives set free were delighted.

Those women paid eighteen shillings to ransom the twelve larks. We are sure they will have a hundred pounds' worth of pleasure out of the next spring morning when they hear a lark sing. Perhaps it will be one of the birds they rescued, singing over his nest, and praising God for the thing all English people love so much, and should not deny to larks—liberty.

MINING WITHOUT MINERS

How to Settle the Coal Problem?

A wonderful machine has been invented in America for mining coal without miners.

It is a powerful monster which cuts its way into the face of a bed of coal, breaks up the coal, and loads it into cars. Not a single man is required to do all this, and not an ounce of dynamite or powder is used.

A test of the machine was made the other day, when it bored a path through a coal seam at the rate of a foot in ten minutes, at a cost of half that involved by the employment of miners.

A MAN'S FOOT SLIPS
And a Hundred Lives are Over

In the Dannhauser mine in Natal a frightful explosion tore the shafts and workings, bringing down the galleries in gusts of rolling fire and putting out the lives of 118 miners for ever. Many others were disabled. There was one poor native among the killed who lived long enough to tell how it happened.

His tale is a tragic reminder of the terrible magnitude of the forces which men have harnessed to do their work, but which seem sometimes to be held back by a thread from disaster.

The electrician who controlled the wiring which lit the mine was repairing a cable. He slipped, grasping the cable as he fell. It touched a steel rail—contact was made, and an electric spark leaped across. The spark ignited the mixture of gas and powdered coal floating in the gallery. A small explosion took place. It was followed by another, and another, and another, till the whole mine was filled with choke-damp and the miners were suffocated.

A single slip and more than a hundred lives are lost. Such slips are possible night and day, by land and sea, wherever man controls Nature's giant forces. It is a tribute to the unerring fidelity and care of those who guide them that accidents which by their very nature seem unavoidable occur so seldom.

THE SECRET OF THE FOREST

1000-Year-Old Images

Several images of Hindu gods supposed to be over a thousand years old have been discovered by Dutch explorers in the heart of Borneo.

Among them are images of Shiva, one of the chief gods of the Hindus, and of Gunga, goddess of the Ganges.

The site of the discovery is dense and hitherto unexplored forest; but it is thought it may once have been the home of an ancient civilisation in commercial touch with India.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 6 1926

The Wonderful Old People

WE hear on every hand that it is the Age of Youth, and never had Youth such opportunities. A boy of today may become anything, and a girl of today almost anything.

All they have to do is to catch the inspiration of some of the wonderful old people.

Think of some of the unconquerable old folk we have seen in the papers of late.

There was an old gentleman of a hundred who mounted his horse the other day. There is a great lawyer who has returned to his work at the Bar at over seventy. A woman who was in her hundredth year has been up in an aeroplane. Another old lady of eighty took out a licence to drive a car. The grown-ups used to say that boys would be boys, but it is clear that there are old ladies who will be girls.

Our list of these elderly youngsters is not ended; it never can be. There was the fine old workman of seventy-eight who refused his pension because he would rather go on with his job. It kept him young. And there has been among us again that famous American who knew Lincoln and has now been to see us fifty times. He has seen many changes in England, but he loves it still, and thinks London is the most restful town in the world.

Long may he think so. There are some who are always complaining that the world is not what it used to be. Indeed, it is not. These wise old people know that the world grows better, more plentiful, more bounteous, with more to give; and they are determined to keep young so that they may continue to grow up with it. Over such people, the men and women whose hearts are young whatever the calendar may say, the years pass lightly, bringing new experiences, new joys, and perhaps drawing a softening veil over the old, unhappy, far-off things that every long lifetime must have known.

That bright poet Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a poem in which he imagined himself as being asked by an angel what boon he would most like to be given. He answered that what he would like best would be his lost youth; he would like to be a boy again. And was there nothing else, nothing the years had brought him which he wished to keep? He thought again, and said he must keep his own dear children, his girls and boys. At that the angel smiled, and said:

The man would be a boy again,
And be a Father too!

It is not so impossible as it seems. If he will keep his heart young it is possible to be a boy again and be a grandfather as well.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Who Will Go to Prison?

WE like the wording of an advertisement issued by the Home Office inviting women to apply for posts as wardresses. Most people would imagine that the kind of woman sought would be a hard, unimaginative, honest type, who would do her duty sternly and think of convicts as contemptible law-breakers. But that is quite wrong. The Home Office says:

The candidates selected will be those who, by education, temperament, and training, appear best fitted to take part in the difficult work of training offenders for citizenship.

In fact, the wardress is not a mere gaoler, keeping watch to see that prisoners do not escape or shirk their work; she must be a wise and kindly teacher who helps blunderers to see their mistakes and begin life afresh on better lines.

Truly the world moves; old Galileo was quite right.

The Falling Giants

THE great pendulum which marks the world's progress has swung backward in Norway, where Drink has won and Prohibition is suspended for a time.

Once more we see how strong the powers of evil are. Those who live long will see three giants fall. Their names are War, Drink, and Slums. Their doom was never so certain, never so near.

But who that knows a single page of history could dream that these giants would fall without a tug-of-war? War will go out like grim death, but it will go. Drink will vanish like an evil spirit, but it will vanish. Slums will perish like greed, but they will perish.

Those who press forward are thrown back, but they come on again. They are baffled to fight better, and in the end they always win.

What the War Did with Peter Proudfoot

EIGHT years ago ended the Great War to end war. This is what it did with Peter Proudfoot:

He cleaned out middens for his daily bread:
War took him overseas, and in a bed
Of lilies-of-the-valley dropt him dead.

The lines are from Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's Collected Poems, just issued by Macmillan, and we think our readers will like to have these lines also from this volume:

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved too the sun and rain?
A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings:
But we, how shall we turn to little things,
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heartbreak in the heart of things?

The Films Against the Empire

CROOKS go to motion pictures to get new ideas of how to commit crime.

Chief of Police, Los Angeles

All the recent revolt of youth against law is principally due to the films.

Wisconsin Professor of Sociology

As one who has held the portfolio of education in New Zealand I know that the good work done in our schools has been undermined by the pernicious effects of poor films. As an ambassador from one of the Dominions I realise that we should stop this pernicious and un-British propaganda.

High Commissioner for New Zealand

Tip-Cat

ONE person in six in the United States drives a motor-car. The other five go in charabancs.

SCOTTISH people are said to be inquisitive. But not enough to give you a penny for your thoughts.

A FOREIGNER thinks there are too many people in London. He thinks too much of himself.

A POPULAR artist declares he became an artist by accident. His latest picture looks as if he had had another one.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If a young spark
grows into a
flashlight

boy who declares that "history is bunk."

THE coins now circulating in Europe include the pengo, the zloty, and the chervoretz. Money talks, but it needs an interpreter.

A GERMAN dramatist is going to re-write and improve Hamlet. Probably, as a German would say, he will make it verse.

One of Grandfather's Things

WHAT is an umbrella? The best definition Peter Puck can think of at the moment is *A thing men leave behind in trains.*

One of the grown-up papers has found that this relic of grandfather's days is a thing to keep the rain off, and a mark of timidity and caution. Now, it seems, it is passing away, Daddy having learned to do without it in the Great War.

Jonas Hanway, we remember, was the first Englishman to carry this queer mark of respectability and cautiousness; who, we wonder, will be the last?

The Conquerors

THANKFUL in her sorrowing,
humble in her pride,
England sheathed again her sword
through her sons who died.

From the misty Scottish glens,
from the banks of Trent;
From the sunny Sussex Downs,
or the fields of Kent;

From the Devon farms and homes
forth they went to save,
Gladly to the homeless trench, or
the battling wave.

Hark! they have returned to us
with victorious tread.
In a country's liberty live again
her dead.

Where our flag, unvanquished yet,
straightens in the breeze
Wellington is marching still;
Drake is on the seas.

Thankful in her sorrowing—humble
in her pride,
England sheathed again her sword
through her sons who died.

MARJORIE WILSON

2000 Years Late

HISTORY has just been repeating itself in a remarkable way.

Long before the birth of Jesus there was a king in Syria called Antiochus Epiphanes. He descended on Jerusalem, looted it, and ordered that the Jewish religion should cease. The Jews were to worship him, Antiochus, as a god, and sacrifice swine on his altar. Moreover, *anyone found with a Hebrew book was put to death.*

Today news comes from Russia that the Bolshevik Government is copying Antiochus. No one is allowed to print or sell a Hebrew book. A Soviet commission has declared that Hebrew must be spoken no more. The Jews are only to use Yiddish, a jargon spoken by some of the poorest Jews in Russia. It is as if we were forbidden to talk anything but pidgin-English. Mr. Thomas Hardy would have to write in baby's twaddle, and every copy of Shakespeare would be burned.

But we do not think the Bolsheviks will succeed. The Jews have kept their religion in spite of centuries of persecution and we believe they will keep their language, too.

The Soviet is 2000 years too late.

Consolation Prizes

By Our Country Girl

The horse has his stable
And rackful of hay,
The birds have their berries
When summer's away;
The dormouse and squirrel
Have cradles of wool,
With cobnut and acorn
Their larders are full;
And we have our fireside
When warm days are done:
O, Winter is kindly
To all things, save one.
The naked tree shivers
And weeps till it seems
That all she has left is
Remembrance and dreams.

Think of all the evils you escape.
JOUBERT

THE C.N. Book of the Wonderful World We Live In CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE

The Thrilling Days We Are Living In

FOR so many years I have been at an editor's desk, and it seems like so many days, so does Time fly. All these years I have been telling a story, the tale that never tires the mind, of Life and its Children and all that they have done upon the Earth. It is in the Children's Encyclopedia. The C.N. has grown out of it.

How strange now seems that world in which it all began! Men stared at a motor-car and laughed at the idea of flying. Nobody had been to a kinema. Wireless was a dream. The world was ruled by kings; Europe trembled if the Kaiser spoke.

Now men fly to Paris every morning, and talk across the sea. Time and Space have ceased to be a barrier. New powers have risen on the Earth. Things that seemed eternal have broken up and passed away. Never have there been any years like these.

And so the makers of the Children's Encyclopedia have looked out upon the world again, and made the Treasure House.

It is not an encyclopedia, crowded with everything that must go into such a book; it is a book with more space and leisure. And yet it has an infinite variety. It roams through earth and air and sea.

If you would seek a hero, seek him here. Here is poor Columbus. Here is Michael Faraday peering into electric mysteries, Clerk-Maxwell thinking out wireless for our grandfathers, Busybody Gurney looking forward to the age of motor-cars, Richard Trevithick frightening poor country folk with his queer old engines. Here come men of every age and land, and the wonders that they did.

Marvels of Nature and Men

If you would go on a journey take one here. Here are the countries of the Earth, the sights of every continent.

Would you go with Nature into her secret places? What a treasure house is hers! Would you learn of worlds still being made; of the wonder of a seed that works its silent miracles until it grows into a forest or clothes the countryside with buttercups? We learn of these things here.

We shall find out, too, what is to be known about the inventions that are changing the face of the world—the motor-car that is changing the character of our villages and towns; the aeroplane that will take us across the world in a day or two; the wireless telephone creating a new world while we look on; the ship that will go to sea without a man.

And here, too, we meet not only our brothers and sisters of all lands, but those neighbours of ours in the dim wild world. We meet wild life in its ancient haunts; we stand amazed at it.

No man can count the treasures that are ours, the riches Nature gives us all, the beautiful things that men have made; and all this beauty finds its place in this big Treasure House. It brings together matchless achievements and immortal deeds. It is a treasure house of things that men have dreamed and done. It will make us proud to be of our great race, and glad to be alive in this great age.

ARTHUR MEE



The Cover of the Treasure House and What Part One Contains

The Oldest Friend of Man
Nature's Picture Calendar
Is a Lion Afraid of a Man?
What an Acre of Land Means
The Colour of the Empire
The Swarming Insect Kingdom
What a Rattlesnake is Like
How a Flower is Born
The Spider's Trap-Door
Little Grey Beaver
Poor Columbus
The Children's Portrait Gallery
The Story of English Books
Songs of a Thousand Years
The Children's Museum
Old Miser Guy
The Road of a Thousand Wonders
What One Man Did for Australia
Holland and Its People
Rides About the World
The Spirit That Made Japan
An Afternoon Call in Japan
How Nature Put England in the
Middle of the World
What Rome Gave Us
Here Pharaoh Lay
The World that was Late
Peter Simple's Question Box
What the Sun Has Seen
The Sight a Man Can Hardly Believe
What Your Body Knows
ABC of Earth and Sky
Six Men in Six Worlds

All these, and a collection of beautiful pages forming what may be called a Child's First Book.

How the Treasure House Explains the World

THE Treasure House is a companion book to the Children's Encyclopedia, filled with the best things the creators of that famous book can produce. The Encyclopedia gives us a peep through the Gate of Knowledge, the Treasure House takes us in and shows us round. It has the most remarkable collection of explaining pictures in the world. They are here in tens of thousands.

We go through the year with Nature, in a calendar with hundreds of pictures, some event illustrated for every day. We go through the months with the flowers, in a Picture Calendar for which a thousand photographs have been taken. We see the trees in summer and in winter, and the berries of autumn. There are collections of the Food Plants and Poison Plants which Nature has scattered about the countryside; there is a wonderful series giving every British butterfly.

There are Picture Arithmetics and Picture Grammars; Picture Alphabets and Picture Proverbs; there are pictures explaining words and pictures of costumes down the ages. There is a Portrait Gallery in which we shall find the faces of a host of famous figures; there is a Picture Gallery in which we shall find some of the loveliest pictures ever painted by the world's great artists; and there is one of the jolliest little things imaginable—a Children's Museum.

The Empire in Colour

THE Editor of the C.N. has commissioned a staff of artists to prepare for the Treasure House a unique gallery of pictures of the British Empire. They will show us the natural life over which the flag flies.

What a procession it is that goes out from the heights and depths of the Animal Kingdom, wandering daily about the British Empire! Think of the birds, like flashing rainbows in the sky; the reptiles creeping through the grass or lurking in the rivers; the lion prowling by night, looking for whom he may devour. Think of the insects in their myriads, some like precious stones alive. Nature has given us a share of the Animal Kingdom unequalled in any other of her wide domains.

It is so with the Plant Kingdom too; there is no other garden like ours.

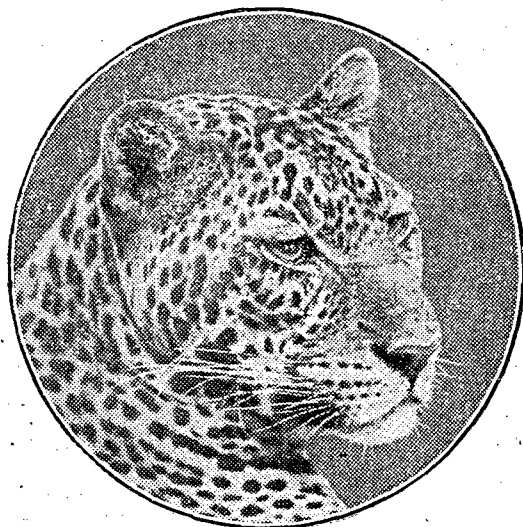
And there will be in this Colour Gallery not only the living processions of life throughout the Empire; not only the flowers of the field and the fruits of the autumn; but the minerals that lie in the earth, the shells of the sea, the glory of the landscapes on which the Sun never sets.

But even that is not all, for are there not four hundred million human beings working by day or sleeping by night in these amazing lands of ours? They spread out from this little island like waves across the continents, and what colours there are as we watch some of them in their strange far-away places! We see in this collection of pictures an unmatched pageantry of life and movement. There is nothing like it in any book existing.

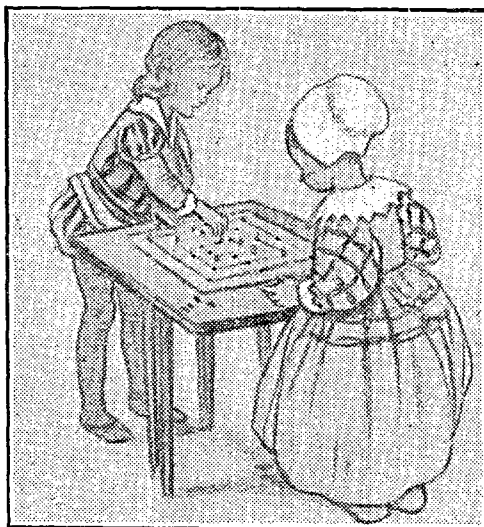
This remarkable picture gallery, now being produced, will contain, when it is complete, more than 1000 colour pictures of life and nature under the British flag.

Arthur Mee's New Fortnightly—Ready Now Everywhere

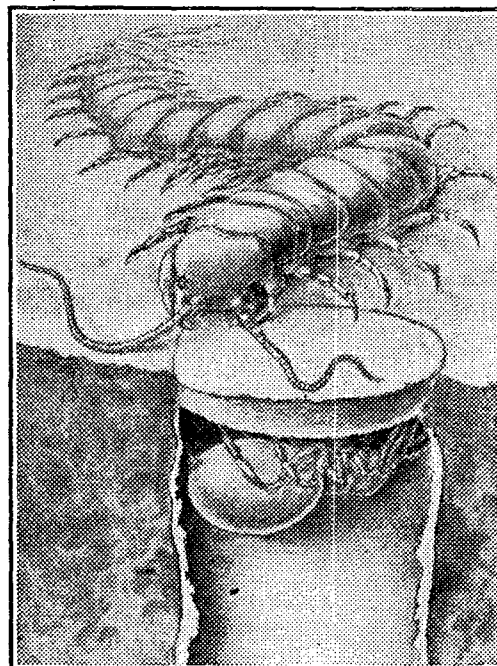
A LITTLE GALLERY FROM THE TWENTY THOUSAND



The Leopard, one of the Lords of the Animal Kingdom



A Game that Shakespeare Played



The Trap-Door Spider hears an Enemy knocking at the Door



The Little Lace



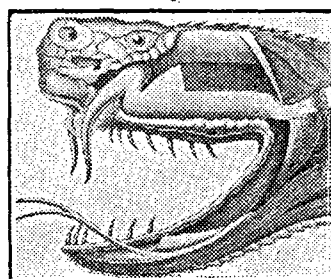
The Children's Museum—a Facsimile of one of the Pages in the Treasure House



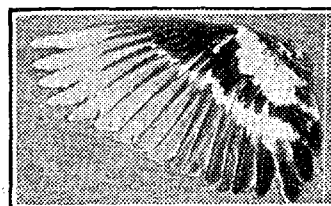
Balboa Creeps out of the Tub in Which he has Hidden from His Creditors



A Child's Five Gateways to Knowledge—Sight, Smell, Taste, Touch, Hearing



What the Rattlesnake is Like



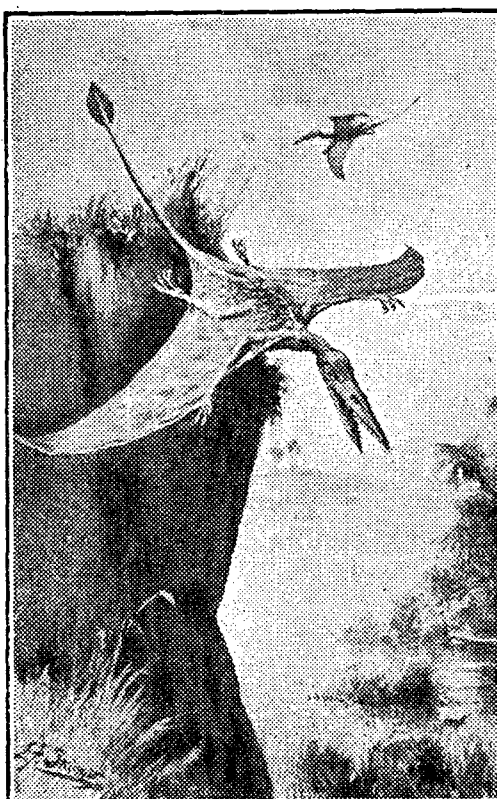
A Bird's wing open



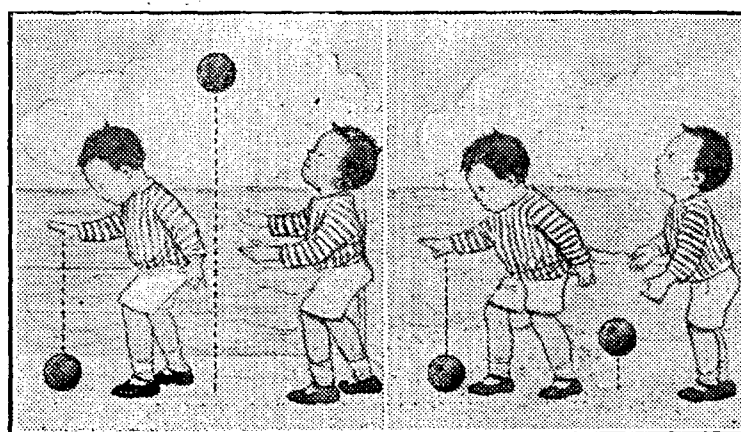
A Bird's wing closed



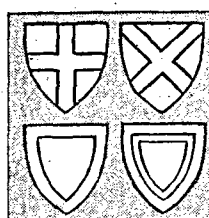
The Mei



The Million-year-old Aeroplane—a Flying Reptile of the Ages Before History



THE SCIENCE OF A BOUNCING BALL. A ball bounces on a hard pavement because of the elasticity of the air inside it; on the beach most of its energy is used up in moving the loose sand



From the Heraldry Pictures



One eye



Two eyes



Three eyes



Four eyes



Wide and narrow



Lean and fat

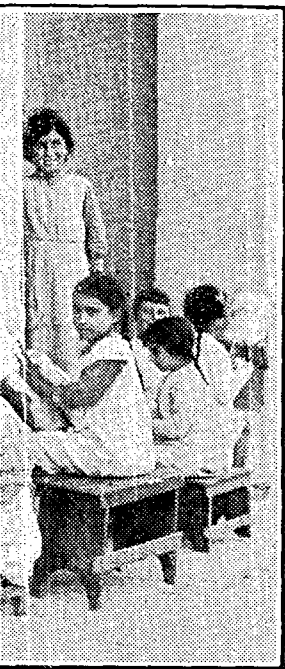


Benjamin Franklin

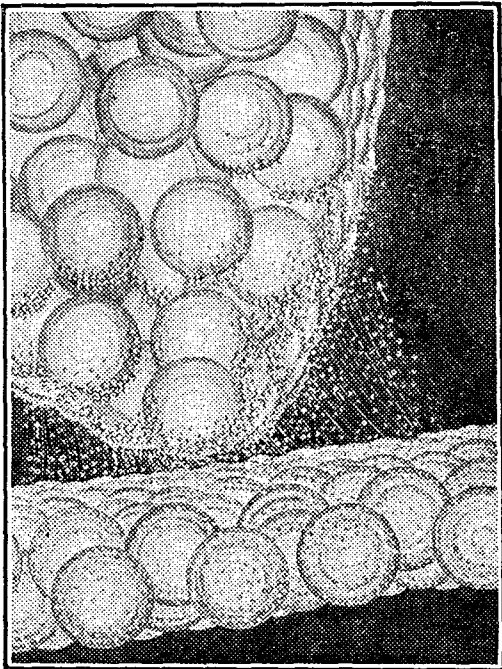
TEACHING BY PICTURE

Pictorial Supplement (November 6, 1926)

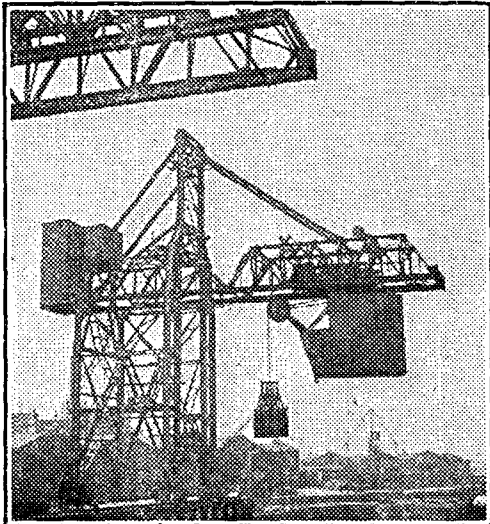
PICTURES IN THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE



makers of Malta



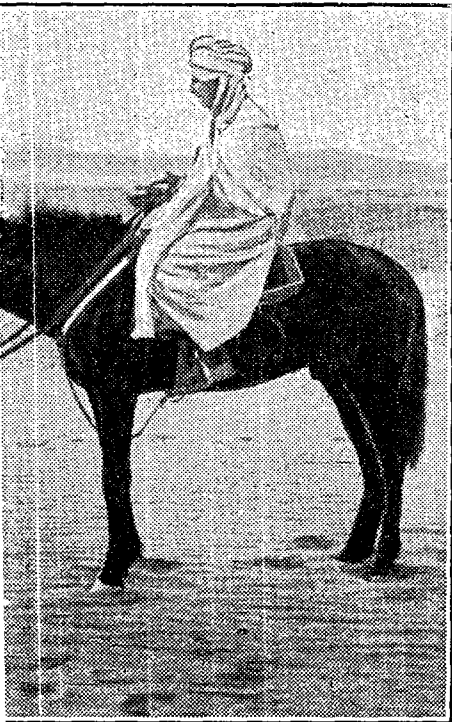
What Happens When We Rub Amber--the Atoms flying off in Specks



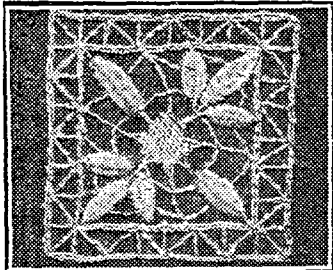
Coal being Discharged by Electricity



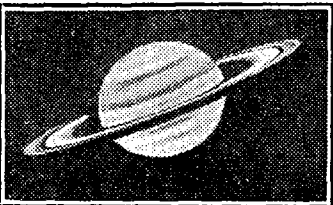
The Splendid Little Zebra



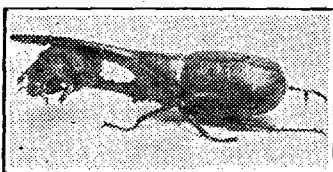
of the Desert



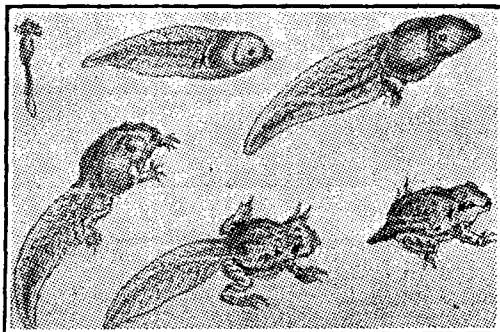
What a Girl can make



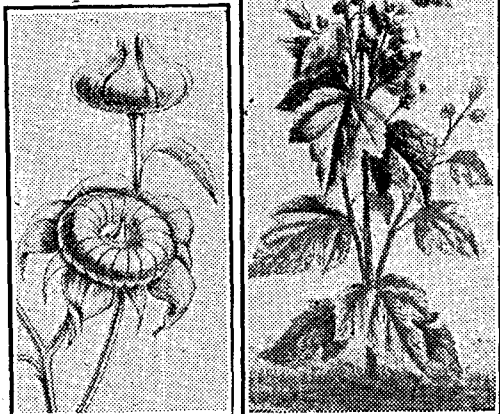
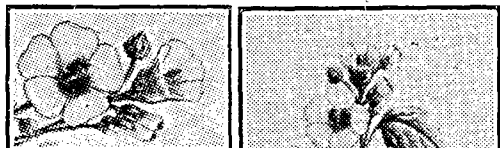
The Planet Saturn



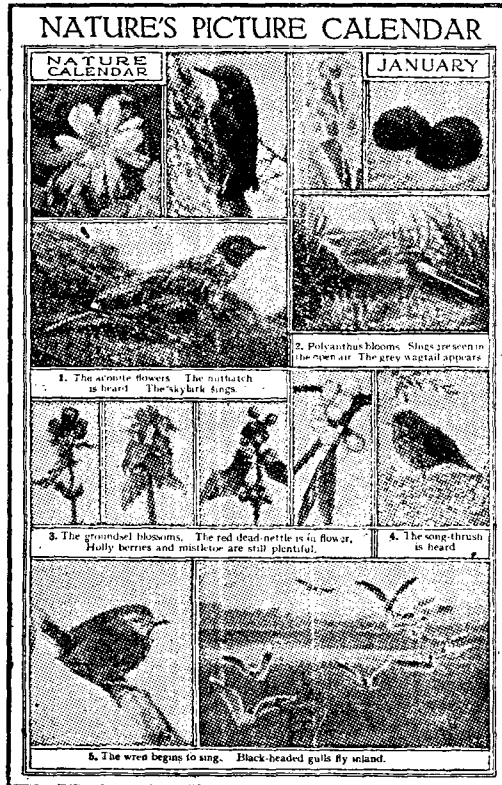
A Hercules Beetle Carrying his Wife



The Picture History of a Toad



From the Gallery of Flowers, with 1000 Photographs showing Flowers in these Five Stages



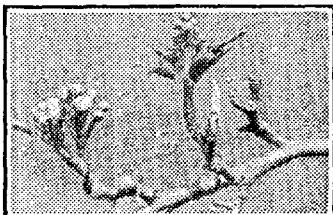
A Page of Nature's Picture Calendar, with an Event for Every Day of the Year



Franklin on the Fame



January 21

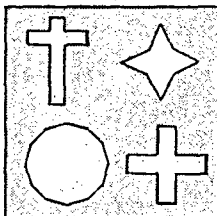


March 11

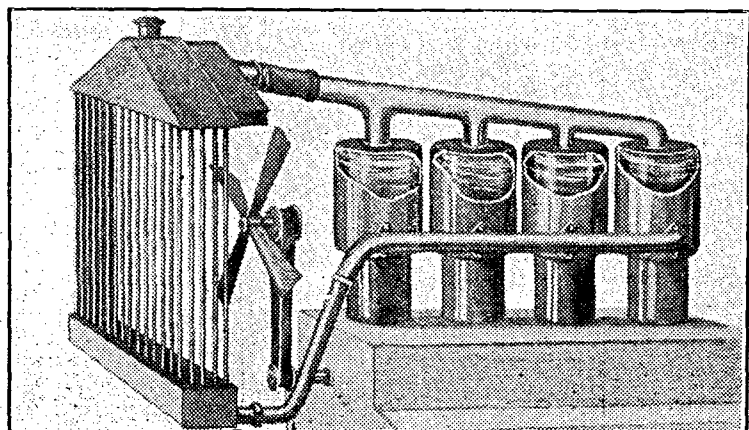


April 2

HOW PEAR BLOSSOM GROWS



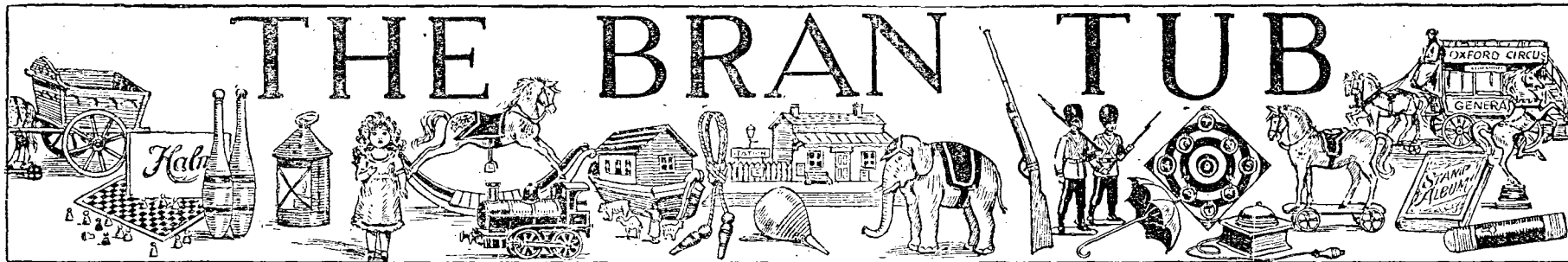
What Shapes are These ?



UNDER THE BONNET OF THE MOTOR-CAR
The water tubes of the radiator through which water flows to keep the engine of a motor-car cool



From the Children's Picture Gallery of over a Thousand Pictures in Photogravure

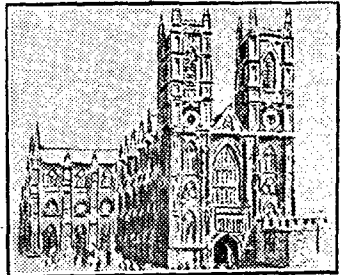


The initials of these toys in their order will spell the name of a wonderful new publication for boys and girls. Answer next week

Painting an Empty Box

An English artist who was painting a picture of a pretty girl collecting for charity with a money-box, and wished to show that the box was empty, conceived the idea of painting a spider's web across the opening.

Mistakes That Everybody Makes



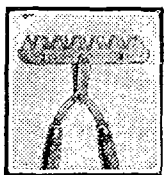
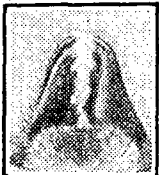
Westminster Abbey is not an abbey at all: it is really the church of the abbey, which has long since disappeared.

A Negro's Explanation

"Where is the hoe, Massa?" asked a planter.
"With the rake, Massa," was the reply.
"And where is the rake?"
"With the hoe."
"Well, where are they both?"
"Both together, Massa; you appears to be very particular this morning."

Nature's Cutters

The leaf-cutter bee makes a burrow in a tree or the ground, and then lines it with leaves. To do that it must cut the leaves to the right shape, and Nature has provided it with jaws exactly suited to this purpose. Though they do the work of a pair of scissors, the human cutting invention they most resemble is a pair of hedge-clippers, as our picture shows.



A Ready Inch Measure

It is useful to know that a good stride roughly measures a yard and that a big boot equals a foot, but sometimes one wants an equally rough-and-ready method of calculating inches.

Here is something worth remembering. Lay five pennies touching each other in a row; they will measure just over six inches. A halfpenny measures exactly one inch, so that six halfpennies, if you happen to have them, would be better still. And a sixpenny-bit is just three-quarters of an inch.

Planting a Bulb

Many bulbs do not flower well in the garden just because they are not properly planted. A common fault is to push the bulb into the hole so that an air-space is left underneath, as shown in the sketch. If this is done many of the roots shrivel before they get into the soil. A bulb should always be set with its underside in close contact with the soil.



Two Short Years

Why was the year 1888 so short? If you know, can you say why the year 1889 was shorter still?

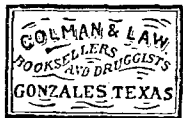
Answer next week

The Strangest Jump of All

The very strangest jump, we think, that has been recorded in history is that of a baby's cradle, complete with baby inside, which during a severe gunpowder explosion in 1649 jumped to the top of the steeple of All Hallows Church in the City of London. The baby was quite unhurt, and as its parents could never be traced one of the kindly parishioners of All Hallows adopted it and brought it up!

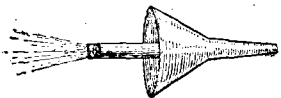
A Stamp Like a Label

This little printed oblong with the name of a firm of booksellers and druggists who managed a post office is really a stamp in spite of its appearance, and some examples of it are worth hundreds of pounds. It was issued at Gonzales, Texas, in 1861, at the beginning of the American Civil War, when a good many Southern postmasters issued stamps for the use of their own districts. Nearly all of them are very rare now, quite a number of them rarer even than this.



A Firework Hint

Some fireworks are rather dangerous to hold, for the sparks and liquid fire are quite likely to fall



on the hands and clothes and do damage. Here is a very good way of getting over the difficulty. The firework is inserted in an ordinary tin funnel, and the wide part of the funnel completely protects the person who lets off the firework.

How Victor Hugo Wrote His Name

Victor Hugo, a striking figure in French literature, died in Paris on May 22, 1885. Though it was as a poet that he made his mark, in England we remember him above all for his powerful romantic novels, his monumental *Les Misérables* being read here very widely.

A great humanitarian and idealist, he was exiled for his political activities from 1851 to 1870, living mostly in the Channel Islands. This is how he wrote his name:

Victor Hugo

Next Week's Nature Calendar

The hooded crow begins to arrive for the winter, reinforcing the few that remain to nest.

The note of the common (or corn) bunting ceases.

Wood-pigeons collect in flocks.

Golden plovers begin to gather in great numbers.

The leaves of the larch turn yellow.

Among trees now stripped of leaves are the apple, hornbeam, lilac, beech, birch, hazel, and oak.

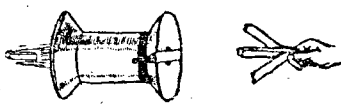
Reheading Words

1. Cut off the head of a medicine and leave sickness.
2. Cut off the head of a colour and leave to fall short.
3. Cut off the head of a timepiece and leave to fasten securely.
4. Cut off the head of a pretty colour and leave a writing material.

Answers next week

A Cotton-Reel Catapult

You can make this amusing little toy in a few minutes. The picture shows just how it is made. Get a cotton-reel, as large a one as possible, and across the hole at one



end tie with strong thread a short piece of flat elastic.

Drop a short piece of a match-stick down the other hole until its end rests upon the elastic. Now take the elastic and match-stick between finger and thumb, pull it back a little and release your hold, and the piece of match-stick will fly out from the reel like a shot from a gun.

Seeing Better

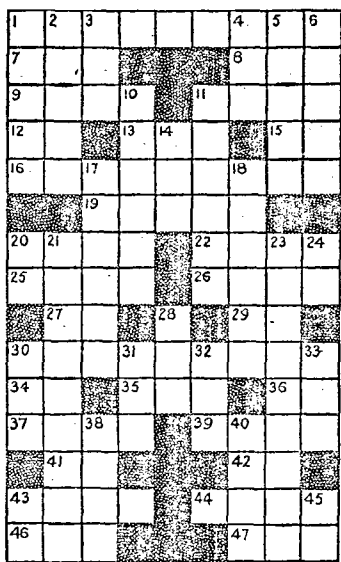
A French king one day asked a man of the Court how his failing sight was.

"Thank your Majesty," was the reply; "my physician says I can see somewhat better."

Cross Word Puzzle

There are 52 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.

An asterisk after a clue indicates abbreviation.



Reading Across

1. Belonging to the young
7. Concealed
8. An age
9. A notion
11. A hotchpotch
12. Point of the compass *
13. To obstruct
15. Opposite to 12 *
16. Often dropped when speaking
19. Delightful abodes
20. Fabricated
22. Wheels within wheels
25. Interjection expressing pity
26. To engrave
27. Chemical symbol for aluminium
29. South Carolina *
30. Those not present
34. Chemical symbol for sodium
35. To contrive to make do
36. Compass point *
37. A ruler
39. Arched recess in a church
41. Torpedo boat *
42. Interjection suggesting look
43. To dispose of
44. Agrieved
45. Metal-bearing mineral
17. To change colour

Reading Down

1. A great Eastern republic
2. Conceals
3. Fish of carp family
4. Serpent-like fish
5. Din
6. Sometimes happens in winter
10. Dwells
11. Luscious fruit
14. Exist
17. Parts of a cycle
18. South African fly
20. Learned degree *
21. A variety of gypsum
23. A helper
24. Chemical symbol for rhodium
28. Fluid used for writing
30. An intelligent insect
31. Ever (poetical)
32. A beverage
33. Observe
38. Competent
40. To walk laboriously
43. Thus
45. Early English *

Brevity

A London member of the house of Rothschild once wrote to his Paris correspondent to ascertain if there were any alteration in the price of certain stocks thus? The laconic reply was O. This reminds us of the uncle who, wanting a consignment of coal dispatched, wrote to his nephew in the north, "Dear Nephew,;" meaning "See my coal on," and received in reply this brief note, "Dear Uncle,;" meaning "Coal on."

Charade

My first's in harvest rarely known,
Nor would it welcome be;
My next, in country or in town,
Each miss delights to see;
And when drear winter's dress is shown
Playfully sly my whole is thrown.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Hair-Waving Comb. This comb is designed to save large hairdressing bills, and it is claimed that by its use the hair may be easily waved at home. The teeth, which may be of angular or curved section, as shown

in the sketch, overlap slightly, so that the hair is automatically waved as it passes between the teeth.

A Detachable Mosquito-Net Support. Here is a very handy attachment for use in warm countries where mosquitoes are troublesome. It consists of a main post which may be attached to a bed by means of clamps. At the head of the post is an arm which supports a circular frame, from which may be hung the mosquito-net.

To Grubby Jimmy

A Warning

Do you want to be a man?
Then be always spick and span;
Brush your clothes and shoes and hat;

Wipe your feet upon the mat.
To become a man, no doubt,
Neat and clean you must go out;
For the sort of men that you
Want to be like never do,
Out of doors in public places,
Walk with dirty hands and faces.

How the Crookes Tube Got Its Name

The Crookes Tube is a glass tube, the interior of which is a vacuum.

Through this an electric current is passed, with the result that the remains of any element inside appear to be neither solid, liquid, nor gaseous, but are in a fourth state, described as ultra-gaseous.

This kind of vacuum tube was invented by Sir William Crookes, the distinguished chemist, from whom it took its name.

Double Upright Acrostic

In this puzzle the left-hand upright reading down and the right-hand upright reading upward each spell the name of a famous public school. Here are the clues:
One of Scott's novels; outside; carriage; an English author; fiery; confined; revolve; bull-fighter; bird; a country. Answers next week

To the Point

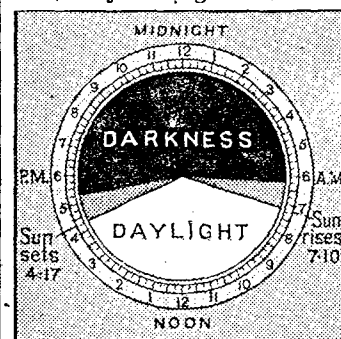
A man who was always late in paying his bills received from a tradesman the following note:

What

U O

Can you read it? Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



A chart of darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The times are Greenwich time. As the week goes on daylight gets shorter.

Getting Out a Damaged Screw

It is very difficult by ordinary means to remove a screw where one side of the head is broken away, but it can be done quite easily without cutting the wood in the following manner. Place the screwdriver against one side of the head and use a small block of wood to press the tool against the sound part of the head. At the same moment turn the screwdriver, and the screw will come out quite easily.

Our Portrait Gallery



Otto von Guericke German scientist
Matthew Flinders English navigator

The Strength of Hair

Experiments have proved that dark hair is much stronger than light hair. It has been found possible to suspend a weight of four ounces by a single hair, provided the hair be black.

Fair hair will give way at weights varying according to the tint. Golden hair will support no more than two ounces, brown hair will hold up three, very dark brown hair will sustain an extra half ounce and, as has been stated, black hair can keep up a weight of four ounces.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Week's Children's Pictorial

Bran-Tub Heading

The boys and girls were all playing a game in which a ball was used.

An Animal Jigsaw Puzzle This is how the pieces should be arranged to form the camel:

Double Acrostic
J c n n c T
O i c H
S c i n d E
E c c l e s i a s t i c
P r i n t e r
H a m p s h i r e
H a u s A
A n T
Y o g I
D o u r O
N o r t h a m p t o N

Transposition
Wreck, crew

Changeling
Cold, cord, word, worm, warm.

Hidden Reptiles

The objects were: fan, drawer, shoe, gate. From these can be made the names of frog, toad, newt.

THE GOLD STOOL OF KUMASI

PREMEPH SITS ON IT AGAIN

A King Who Defied the British Flag and Has Come Back

THE BLACK-COATED CHIEF

King Prempeh of Ashanti sits again in Kumasi, a paramount chief.

The Golden Stool, which is the symbol of the divinity of the kings of the Ashanti people, has been brought from its place of hiding so that the return of the chief of the Ashanti royal line may be fitly celebrated. Peace broods over the dark jungles of the land. The chief has come home.

He is thirty years older than when the stern hand of British authority put an end to his truculent reign. He is the descendant of savage kings who had soaked the ground of Kumasi with the blood of human sacrifice, and something of their spirit had descended on him. Forgetting the story of that expedition of Sir Garnet Wolseley which had wiped out the orgies of blood and horror that had defiled the Ashanti capital, Prempeh imagined he could revive the ancient and warlike spirit of his people and defy the British flag.

A Throne Disappears

Secure in his ignorance, he attacked tribes under British rule, and re-awakened the activities of the horrible slave-trade. His awakening was swift. A column from the coast descended on the capital, occupied it without a fight, and in a night Prempeh was a private citizen. His throne was gone.

His subordinate chiefs would not fight for him. He had not been a popular monarch. They saw him go into banishment at Sierra Leone without a qualm, and all might have been well but for a very curious incident, which is differently related in the history books. One of the English military leaders of the expedition demanded that the Golden Stool be brought forth. He proposed to sit on it as a sign and symbol that British authority was established for ever among the Ashantis.

Rebellion Breaks Out

A shiver ran through the frowning circle of warriors who heard this desecrating decision. It was never carried into effect. The Golden Stool was never found. It was hidden in the dark forest. Rather than produce it the Ashanti chiefs would have been shot where they stood. To surrender it would have been to surrender the soul of the people. Instinctively they grasped their spears.

They did more than that. The peace which might have been consolidated that day by one who knew the Ashanti belief and religion was endangered, and in a very short time rebellion broke out again. It was not really a rebellion to bring Prempeh back; it was rather a declaration of rights. But after it Prempeh was exiled to the islands of the Seychelles.

Twenty-Seven Years in Exile

There he lived in comfort, while wars came and went and the whole face of Ashanti was altered. Twenty-seven years he stayed there, growing from a fiery manhood to a grey middle age, till at last he was allowed two years to return to his native continent. He passed through Liverpool on his way, and few would have recognised in the old gentleman in frock-coat, white waistcoat, and spats the warrior who had shaken his spear at Britain.

Now his people have asked for him back again. He returns to Ashanti, not a king with powers of life and death, but a chief who will receive each year the State visit of the British Commissioner with polite and proper deference. But some of the halo of the past will cling about him. He was a king who defied England and is still a king. He is a king who has come back.

A SCHOOL CLASS COMES INTO HISTORY

SMETHWICK and some of its school-boys have won a place in history; they will live, at any rate, in the history of those ultra-violet rays whose presence in greater or less quantity is now noted every day in weather reports.

Everybody has learned now that when there is plenty of ultra-violet radiation in the sunlight all the world should go out to receive it, because it will do us all good.

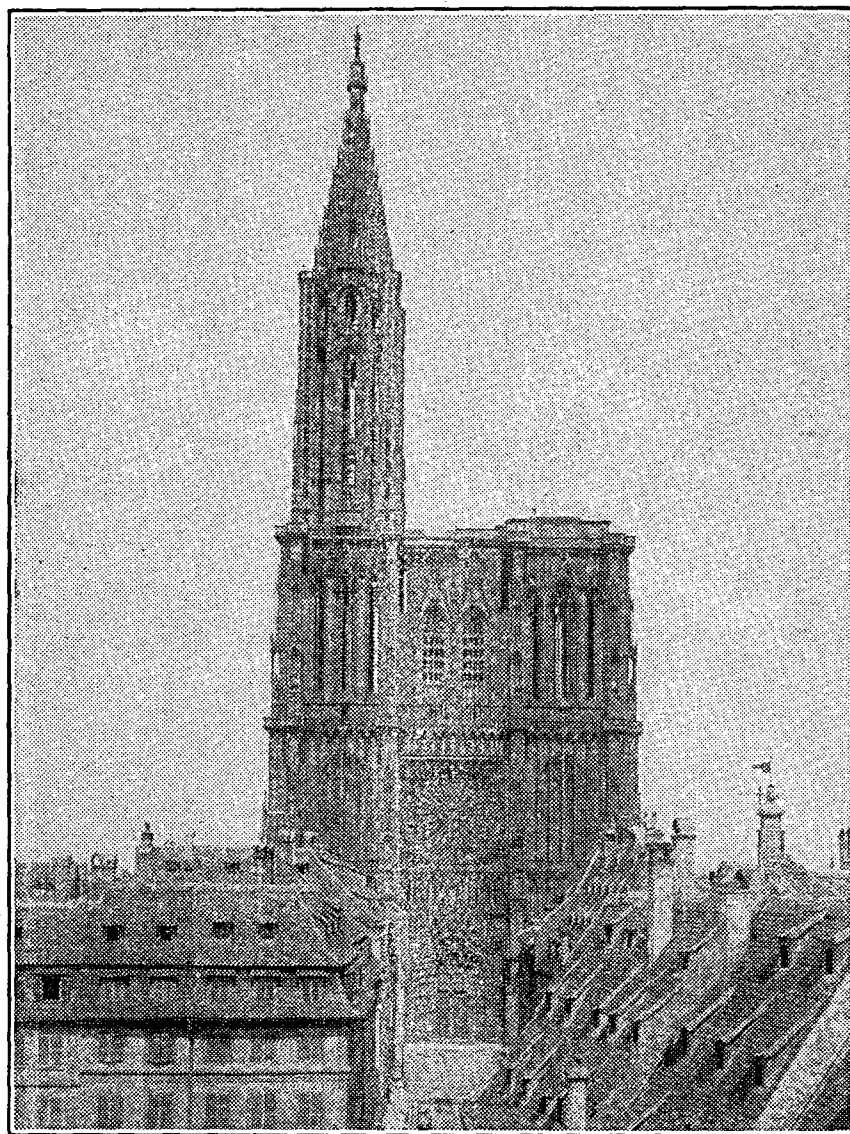
The Smethwick schoolboys have proved it. Several things stop the ultra-violet rays. Window glass will stop them, and so will the diluted soot in miles of smoky air in towns. But thirty Smethwick boys, between the ages of nine and eleven, took their lessons and their rays in a room whose windows

had panes of a special glass which does not keep the rays out.

These thirty boys, on the average, put on half an inch in height and three pounds in weight more than other boys of their age and standing who were in adjoining class-rooms, where the windows had ordinary glass, through which the ultra-violet rays could not pass.

Something must be allowed for other causes which made the boys grow, but the fact remains that this is the first exact experiment made and recorded over a period of nearly a year. As Dr. Ferguson, the Medical Officer who superintended the experiment, says, there is so little ultra-violet radiation in our smoky towns that we cannot afford to cut off this little by smoky windows, especially the little the children get in their class-rooms.

LIFTING UP A GREAT TOWER



The great tower of Strasbourg Cathedral, which was sinking on a marshy foundation, has been jacked up and a solid foundation built, so that it is now quite safe. See page 2

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The horse trams at Morecambe, the last of their kind in Britain, have now been replaced by buses.

More Roadmen than Railwaymen

A hundred thousand more people are now employed in the British road transport industry than on the railways.

A Bear as Baggage

A woman passenger by air from London to Paris lately took with her a bear, which travelled in the baggage compartment.

A Friend to the End

A terrier, refusing to be parted from his master, who was buried at Bodafon, Conway, jumped into the grave and lay on the coffin.

Seeing and Hearing the Heart

By means of a wonderful new invention, the members of the Paris Academy of Sciences lately saw all the movements of the heart on the screen, and at the same time were able to hear its pulsations.

No more stamps are to be used on telegrams, but machines resembling cash registers will stamp the cost.

Wireless in New Houses

Some of the new houses being built in America are being wired for radio as well as for electricity.

The Terrible Shark

Human bones and clothing were found in a shark 22 feet long, weighing a quarter of a ton, caught lately in the Adriatic.

Quicksands Under Shropshire

Oswestry Corporation has lately lost several drainpipes in underground quicksands, which are now causing a big sewerage scheme in the district to be held up.

Much Ado About Roads

It was stated the other day that within twenty miles of Central London there are 170 highway authorities, 90 main road authorities, and 11 other authorities dealing with bridges.

EMPIRE ROUND A TABLE

PRIME MINISTERS OF THE FLAG

The Great Conference Now Meeting in Downing Street

WORLD'S BIGGEST FAMILY

The Conference now being held in London by the Prime Ministers of all the great communities of the British Empire is an event which should stir the imagination and warm the heart of every thoughtful British citizen.

The world has never known any consultation in methods of government which has approached in importance these conferences representing a quarter of the human race. It is mankind's supreme experiment in raising a national family, united in its interests, from all parts of the Earth.

Keeping in Touch

The task before this great Conference during its month of meetings is to show that a peaceful Empire can, with wise minds and understanding hearts, go forward in loyal agreement to make its mighty unity a blessing to every part.

The average citizen knows too little of what has already been done in bringing all parts of the Empire into closer unity. Mr. Baldwin told the Conference how almost day by day the British Prime Minister keeps the Prime Ministers of the Dominions informed of the attitude of the British Government toward every important development and tendency in foreign affairs. Last year 190 confidential telegrams were sent; and this year, to the end of September, 116.

Mr. Baldwin traced, too, the many links that have bound all parts more firmly together in recent years. Parliamentary deputations both ways have increased mutual knowledge; and university education has brought 1200 students annually from the Dominions and 1000 from India. In such ways the stability of the Empire has been strengthened, a stability on which the whole world in a large degree depends.

The Will to Be United

This heartening review by Mr. Baldwin was accepted by the Prime Ministers in a cordial spirit. Mr. Mackenzie King, as Premier of the senior Dominion, proposed a resolution expressing fidelity to the Crown and assurance of affection and devotion; and Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister, described the King as "the visible symbol of the unity of the whole family of British nations, the centre of all our loyalties, and the link which binds us together."

Mr. Bruce strongly emphasised a point in Mr. Baldwin's speech, that it would be disastrous to attempt to draw up a formal written constitution for the Empire. A continually progressing Empire could not be so bound. It was the will to be united that kept it united, and that spirit would solve any difficulties.

A Bridge Between East and West

Mr. Coates, speaking for New Zealand, struck a note of pronounced cordiality. General Hertzog, from South Africa, alone introduced what might be regarded as a controversial strain when he asked that South Africa "should be made to feel implicit faith in her nationhood."

Mr. Monroe declared that Newfoundland is entirely satisfied with her status under the flag. The Maharajah of Burdwan, speaking on behalf of India, saw the British Empire as "a link between European and Asiatic civilisation, a bridge between the peoples of East and West, standing for peace, allaying racial antagonisms, and promoting harmony of aim and conduct, not only within its own limits but, by its example throughout the world."

It must be expected that there will be some conflict of views, but the Conference has opened in a spirit worthy of a great occasion.

EUROPE'S TRADE DUNGEON

WHEN WILL IT STEP OUT OF THE WINDOW?

World's Business Princes Show the Way to the Nations

IMPRESSIVE MANIFESTO

I once read a story of a man who was cast into a noisome dungeon and kept there without food or water. At last, worn out by suffering, he opened the window and stepped out.

When will Europe have suffered enough to open its window and step out from its trade barriers? A Bank of England Governor.

On the day when the Conference of Prime Ministers from the Dominions was begun in London an impressive appeal was made by a large number of prominent business men in fifteen European countries and the United States against the millstone of taxation that is strangling the world's trade.

There is no reason why this impressive appeal should be sensational, for it is only an application of common sense to the world's most necessary business; but since the war the mad feeling in the new Europe has been so successful in hemming in each nation behind high walls of taxes that a plea for freedom in commerce seems sensational.

A Great Business Appeal

So ruinous has this restriction of trade become that, as the C.N. has announced before, the League of Nations has been moved to arrange an International Economic Conference to bring before the nations the folly by which they are impoverishing their own people in the attempt to shut out the goods they want, which other nations can make for them better and more cheaply.

This contemplated action by the League of Nations has been forestalled to some extent, though probably it will be promoted in the end by the business appeal which the great manufacturers, commercial men, shipbuilders, bankers, and economic experts of the leading nations have now made. The appeal is signed unreservedly by many of the best-known financiers of Britain, America, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Hungary, Switzerland, Poland, and Rumania, and bankers of France and Italy sign with reservations suiting their internal conditions.

What the Experts Say

The statement of the experts is made with a refreshing clearness. This is what they say:

Prices have risen, and artificial dearth has been created. Production as a whole has been diminished. Credit has contracted. Currencies have depreciated. In pursuit of false ideals of national interest too many States have imperilled their own welfare, and lost sight of the general interests of the world by the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war. There can be no recovery in Europe till politicians in all territories, old and new, realise that trade is not war but a process of exchange, and that in time of peace our neighbours are our customers, and their prosperity is a condition of our own well-being.

The Conditions of Success

Whether politicians will listen readily to anything so reasonable may be doubted; even if they do they will find it no easy matter to make changes that will undermine a number of businesses which never ought to have been started. But in the end the further impoverishment of the countries that are blind to business facts will work a terrible cure.

It is refreshing to find, however late it may be, that at last the unalterable conditions of business success are being hammered into dull heads, and that freedom for trade so foolishly hampered by tariff walls is coming nearer, though it probably is still, like all millenniums, a long way off.

WILD THINGS ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

By Our Natural Historian

The Government of South Africa is being asked to establish a National Park in the Drakensberg district, there to permit wild animal life to increase and flourish as it may.

Only a game warden could give us an inventory of the livestock available, but we know there are fine herds of elands and other antelopes, presumably also buffaloes; and there should be ant-eaters, aardvarks, leopards, hyenas, monkeys; perhaps lions, elephants, and all manner of birds and reptiles.

Eaters of herbs and eaters of flesh will have to live together in an area of which the wild Drakensberg Mountains are the backbone, with Mont Aux-Sources, a peak of 11,000 feet, as the crowning point; and we shall see how they get on together.

No Hate Among Wild Animals

There will be no opportunity of testing the old idea of "the enmity that is betwixt Dragons and Elephants" of which we read in the old Nature books, for the unfortunate reason that there never was a dragon. On the other hand, it will be a simple matter to prove in this great mountain menagerie that hatred does not exist among animals in the wild.

Such enmities are actually hard to find, and not the rule among the lower creation. Domestic dogs seem born with a natural antipathy for cats; horses cannot tolerate the presence of camels nor endure the air through which camels have passed; mongooses bristle and prance with fury at the sight of a snake, as a cat bristles in the presence of a rat. These are exceptional cases of instinctive hostility, and not all rooted in the same cause.

Hunger and Rage

Snakes and rats are food for mongooses and cats, and prompt them to battle, with a meal as the prize; and the same lure occasions the attacks by lions upon giraffes, elands, buffaloes, and smaller game. Hunger, not hatred, is the motive of such encounters. A rhinoceros in a rage will attack anything, even charging at a brilliantly-armed thorn-bush; and a wild boar with its blood up will gore anything that moves—man, tiger, elephant.

But creatures of all sorts, sizes, appetites, and temperaments do somehow contrive to live together in the same area, just as lawless and dangerous men are kept within bounds in a civilised community. The flesh-eaters kill only for food or in self-defence; man alone kills for sport.

The Balance of Nature

It will be quite safe, therefore, to mark off this mountain country and make it a sanctuary for animal life. There will be killing so that the carnivores may live, but Nature so marvelously adjusts the balance that the hunting animals never nearly approach the numbers of their prey. Give them a land fit to live in, and enough of it to avoid too-frequent collisions, and animal life will thrive in Drakensberg as in every other sanctuary in which ferocious and timid creatures dwell. E. A. B.

WASTING SHIPS

Hundreds of half-empty ships ply the sea, carrying the same cargo at the same rates.

If half as many ships did the same trip with a full cargo the cost of freight might be enormously reduced. The day will come, said a big shipping man the other day, when the owners in every country will sit round a table and discuss ways and means of stopping the wasteful losses of the sea, as such losses were long ago stopped in the other big industries of the world.

There are at present too many ships competing against one another for cargo on the same routes.

ABUNDLE OF LETTERS FROM GENEVA To the Governments of the Nations

The Secretary of the League of Nations has had a big bundle of letters to write since the Assembly closed. They are from the League to the Governments of the world, and they tell us what the Assembly asks countries to do. Here are some of them, put into the language of ordinary writing.

To the Government of So-and-So:

The Assembly wishes to bring to your notice the Convention on Slavery, and trusts that, if you have not already signed it, you will be kind enough to consider doing so as soon as possible. We are asking the Council to prepare each year for the Assembly an account of all that has been done by member States to remove this scourge of slavery from the world, and what success has been achieved.

To the Government of So-and-So:

We, the Assembly, are very sorry to find that many of the agreements we have made in these past years are not being put into practice. We ask that you should pay special attention to this matter, because it is useless to draw up agreements if they are not going to be put into force. Also it brings discredit on the League. We hope, therefore, that you will see how necessary it is to do everything in your power to hasten the ratification of these conventions and agreements that your delegates have signed. We are asking the Council to call for a report every six months on the progress made in these ratifications, and to consider methods by which these agreements and conventions may be more rapidly brought into force.

To the Government of So-and-So:

We are glad to note the increasing number of arbitration and security treaties which have been made in the spirit of the League Covenant, of which the most important is the Treaty of Locarno. We hope you will recognise the principles of conciliation and arbitration and mutual support contained in the Locarno Treaty, and will put them into practice wherever necessary as soon as possible. We are asking the Council to offer its help in making suitable agreements which will lead to confidence and security, on which peace depends.

A copy of a large number of letters such as these is sent to every Government, whether a member of the League or not, and we must remember that representatives of the States themselves, and not anyone else, have decided that these letters should be so written.

A TON OF TIN

Why it is Dearer and Dearer

Few of us know how many intimate uses there are for tin, a metal which is being much talked about just now, because in five years it has risen in price from £120 a ton to £317.

Silk stockings, frocks, and suits all generally contain tin, which is used in the form of a salt for "dressing." Tin compounds are used in making up certain medicines, and sheets of tinfoil are used on an enormous scale for wrapping up chocolates and other things. Beaten tin is used for making cheap mirrors; tin compounds are used in dyeing and calico printing, in enamelling, and in pottery manufacture.

The demand for tin is, in fact, so great that there is a world shortage; hence the high price at which everybody concerned is grumbling.

HIGH ADVENTURE How the Vikings Sailed to Boston

BRAVE STORY OF A TEN-TON SHIP

So great a feat as that of the little ten-ton ship, the Leif Ericson, which sailed from Bergen to Boston through the ice-floes and the storm deserves to be fully told. The fact has already been recorded in the C.N.; the full story now reaches us.

The ship was named after Leif Ericson the Viking, whom a thousand-year-old tradition credits with having battled with his Viking ship over those strange and stormy seas long before Columbus sailed with his caravels to find a new kingdom for Spain, and before even William the Conqueror sailed for England. If Leif Ericson could look down from his place in Valhalla he would be a proud man this day, both because his namesake craft has re-awakened his claim and his story, and because he would see that his Viking spirit still lives in a son of Norway.

Terrifying Experiences

Captain Gerhard Folgero was the skipper of the 20th-century Viking ship, built like that of Leif Ericson, sixteen feet shorter, but undecked like his, save for sleeping-places for the crew at bow and stern. Leif Ericson took 35 men; Gerhard Folgero took only four for his crew—four and a puppy.

The ship sailed not by the easiest route, but by that which the great Viking followed in crossing the "unplumbed salt estranging seas." He went by the coast of Greenland, where the legend says Leif Ericson founded the first Norse colony; and it was off that iron coast that Folgero and his crew met the most terrifying of their experiences. A gale bore down on them and raged about the frail craft for three days in undiminished fury. Three times in those terrible days, the skipper told a reporter, they were ready to give up hope. "We are gone, we are gone," they said, as the waves broke over the undecked boat and they baled for dear life. But the Leif Ericson, true to the spirit of her godfather, weathered the storm.

Battling Amidst the Bergs

Hardly had the gale subsided when the boat ran into a field of ice-floes, the worst that any sailor of the five had ever seen. Big bergs sailed like little hills among the smaller floes. Once a monster 300 feet high threatened to topple over on them; but the ship weathered the icebergs, too, after 26 days of them.

Yet their troubles were far from an end. There were internal troubles. The ship had been ten weeks at sea, and when they were sixty miles from Boston they fell into a flat calm with only one pound of coffee, one salt fish, four potatoes, and very little water.

A Happy Ending

Happily they were sighted by a coast-guard cutter, the Redwing, which, after being puzzled by the odd little ship of long ago, came near enough to ask them how they fared and what they were. Captain Folgero answered them in good American, for he has been a sailor 26 years, and it was in New York that he bought the book about Ericson which gave him his great idea.

He made it quite clear that food was his first necessity, so there and then the Leif Ericson's troubles ended. The crew were given the first hearty meal they had had for a month, the Redwing took the ship in tow, and the story ends with a banquet given by the Norwegian colony in Boston to the five brave adventurers.

November 6, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

A NEW NUISANCE

One More Bad Thing from the Coal Stoppage

THE GRIT IN THE CHIMNEY

The sight of a man gazing steadfastly through a telescope toward the top of a chimney-stack may appear strange, but in all probability he is an inspector employed by the public health authority, and what he is looking for is the issuing of grit from the chimney.

This is the new way of dealing with a nuisance which has grown enormously during the last few months, and threatens to become as big a menace to health as smoke itself. Since the coal stoppage began many firms have been keeping their boilers and furnaces going on coal-dust and slack; but to burn this a greatly-increased draught is necessary, and the draught blows out of the chimney huge quantities of grit as well as smoke.

Copper-Dust on Windows

The grit falls slowly and becomes a great nuisance. It gets into ears, eyes, noses, and lungs, and into food. It finds its way through windows and on to the bedclothes. It is everywhere. The tiny particles of metal in it make it particularly dangerous to health. In one district in the Midlands it is possible to scrape copper-dust from windows near a factory where copper is used.

The health authorities are trying to check this new nuisance, but difficulty has been experienced in detecting the grit and estimating the amount coming from a chimney. As it cannot be seen with the naked eye a telescope is used. To estimate the quantity given off a man climbs to some convenient point to windward of the chimney and holds up a card covered with slow-drying varnish. On this varnish the grit soon collects, and the card may be used in evidence if legal proceedings have to be taken.

THE RUDE MAN AT THE GATE OF AMERICA

It is amazing to see the stupid things great countries sometimes do. This is the story of a man who receives visitors to America, told by an English lady.

My turn came for the passport examination after hours of waiting.

I soon became aware that I had to deal with a very objectionable person, for I could hear those before me being rudely spoken to. As I sat down he turned, and in the rudest manner and in a loud voice demanded "what I wanted, coming to America." I said "To visit my brother." He opened my passport and said, in a sarcastic and rude way: "Does your husband know you have come away here?"

I felt very angry, but the fear of Ellis Island kept me quiet. I replied: "Of course he does." He then said: "How do I know you are going to your brother?" or words to that effect, sneeringly. Then: "How much money have you?" I told him. "That's not much," he replied in great contempt. I explained that I had a letter from my banker to enable me to draw more. "Show it me," he roared. I said it was not on me but in my through box. "Where are you going?" "Denver," I replied; "at least my tourist return takes me as far as Salt Lake City." "Now, what am I to make of you?" he roared. "Denver lies over there (thumping the table) and Salt Lake City over there" (thumping).

At this a man opposite looked at him and said: "Salt Lake City is only a little west of Denver." This seemed to nonplus this ignorant person and curled him up, and, to my great relief, he said rudely: "You may go."

The other man was a gentleman, and I asked him to read my letter of introduction, which he did, handing it back to me with an apology: "I am very sorry you have been put to so much inconvenience."

A LITTLE TALK WITH SAINT JOAN

While Miss Thorndike was preparing for her new part in Shakespeare one of her admiring host could not help calling to see her for a talk about her old part in Saint Joan.

The caller is one of the amateur Fleetway Players, and she sends us these notes of her meeting with the greatest actress on the English stage, a C.N. reader, we delight to say.

We whose ancestors burned Joan of Arc felt only too deeply the great shame of it when we saw Miss Sybil Thorndike put new life into Saint Joan. The young girl the English condemned as a witch is now beloved as a saint. We were thrilled by her deeds and made sorrowful by her death; and all the time it was really Miss Thorndike, just acting!

"Just acting," and yet she was working her hardest; you have only to try to act to find how difficult it is to do it well. A marvellous gift is acting, to be a living person able to create another living being who will act in an entirely different manner.

The Player and the Spectator

Miss Sybil Thorndike began her stage career at the mighty age of four; she became a professional actress at sixteen, so that she has been before an audience for a generation. I asked her what she felt about her audiences.

"I never take the slightest notice of the audience," she said. "You should never think of the people watching when you are creating a part—an actress's duty is to express, not to impress. Expressing the mind of the person played is something the artist must get out of herself and give to the public, and in a subtle way the feeling of the audience, whether sympathetic or apathetic, will react on the player. The actress does not notice the audience a bit, but the audience follows her every movement keenly and criticisingly. And the part played is different every time!"

Forgetting and Remembering

So that our Saint Joan was all unconscious of the thousands of people following everything she said and did! But, as Miss Thorndike said, though you must forget your audience you must never forget yourself. The spirit of the part that has crept into the actress must be got out again, with the richness of the player's personality added to it.

I asked Miss Thorndike if she would act any part whatsoever, and she said she would, her reason being that as the life of any human being is interesting so is any part on the stage interesting. "You can always find something of interest in every part," she said, "and so long as I found that I would play."

"How I wish sometimes I were a man!" Miss Thorndike went on. "Think of the splendid characters in Shakespeare that a man can do."

Happy and Cheerful and Kind

I think I experience in a small and curious way the feeling that they must have had who followed Joan herself when I come away from people like Miss Thorndike. A little of their greatness seems to come from them to strengthen ordinary folk.

Miss Thorndike is happy and cheerful and kind, and it is pleasant to know that this little appreciation will find its way into her home, for, as she said to me, "we are all C.N. enthusiasts here."

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Two Baxter colour prints . . .	£660
A Charles II silver tazza . . .	£462
A George II silver tray . . .	£256
Unused blue Mauritius 2d. stamp . . .	£200
A Queen Anne bookcase . . .	£178
Set of 4 Chippendale chairs . . .	£152
Four Spanish gold coins . . .	£110
A Chippendale table . . .	£102
A three-lire Tuscany stamp . . .	£90
Queen Anne's signet ring . . .	£50
A George I silver tankard . . .	£25

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

A Great Little Company

On November 11, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

The little company of the Pilgrim Fathers, as after-times loved to call them, landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts at a spot to which they gave the name of Plymouth, in memory of the last English port at which they touched.

They soon had to face the long, hard winter of the north, to bear sickness and famine; even when these years of toil and suffering had passed, there was a time when "they knew not at night where to have a bite in the morning." Resolute and industrious as they were, their progress was very slow, and at the end of ten years they numbered only three hundred souls. But, small as it was, the colony was now firmly established and the struggle for mere existence was over.

"Let it not be grievous unto you," some of their brethren had written from England to the poor emigrants in the midst of their sufferings, "that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

C.N. QUESTION BOX

What Kind of Hoofs Has a Zebra?

The hoofs of the zebra are like those of the horse, and not cloven like a cow's.

What is the Speed of Electricity?

The same as light, that is about 186,000 miles a second.

What is the Area of Kew Gardens?

The total area of Kew Gardens is 288 acres, and the Gardens contain over 24,000 different species of plants.

Why Do Sailors Have Wide Trousers?

For convenience in tucking them up high round the legs when the decks are being washed down or water is splashing over the deck.

Why is an Explosive Shell Called a Shell?

Because just as the shell of a nut is a hard outside covering for what is inside so an explosive shell consists of an outside covering, or shell, with the explosive inside.

Why is Grass Green?

The green colour of plants is due to green structures called chloroplasts which can be seen under the microscope. The colouring is a green substance, soluble in alcohol but not in water, known as chlorophyll.

Why Does a Woman Wear Her Hat in Church?

This is a survival from early days, when, as Paul describes in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 11, it was laid down that a woman was to have her head covered at public worship.

Does a Spider Ever Spin on a Chestnut Tree?

It is sometimes stated that the spider never spins on anything made of Spanish Chestnut wood, but the Curator of Insects at the London Zoo informs us that spiders are as much associated with the Spanish Chestnut as with any other tree.

Is it Proved that Coal Has its Origin in Buried Forests?

Yes, as nearly as any fact of the past can be proved. Fossilised trunks, leaves, and other parts of the trees are found in the coal measures, and the forests in various stages from peat to hard coal are to be found, so that we can trace the changes.

Where in Great Britain are there Places Named After Coins?

Farthinghoe is in Northamptonshire, Halfpenny Green in Staffordshire, Five-penny Bove in Lewis Island, Scotland, Shilling Okeford in Dorset, Crown Hill in Devon, Pound Green in the Isle of Wight, and Guineaford in Devon.

Why Do the Stars Twinkle?

The reason is not known for certain, but probably being such immense distances away and having no appreciable diameter they shine merely as radiating points, and the thin pencil of light from them is interfered with as it passes through various densities of our atmosphere in a way that the light of the planets with their appreciable discs is not. The star light also probably interferes with itself on its journey to us, somewhat in the same way as the sound of a piano sometimes interferes with itself, getting louder and less loud, backward and forward.

WHAT IS HAPPENING ON JUPITER?

CHANGES ON THE GIANT PLANET

The Mysterious Red Spot Which Puzzles Astronomers

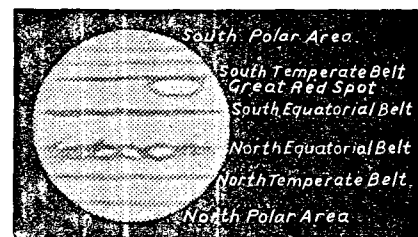
FOUR MOONS

By the N. Astronomer

Jupiter continues to rival Mars in planetary charm, far outshining all other celestial bodies in the south-west.

The surface of his great sphere has much added interest just now; and on Sunday all four of his Galilean moons will be seen to the left of him, the First, Second, Third, and Fourth satellites being arranged in their respective order outward from the planet. They will be seen thus about 7 p.m., but all of them appearing quite close together, and near to Jupiter, so that by the following Wednesday evening, at about the same time, they will all be on the other side of him, but not in the same order.

Possessors of telescopes find the quick changes in the positions of these satellites very interesting, particularly as one or another of them frequently



Jupiter, showing the present arrangement of his belts

appears to vanish, through passing into the great shadow cast by the immense globe of Jupiter. Sometimes they pass behind and at other times in front of him, when they are occulted or in transit across his disc; on rare occasions they all vanish together. By Friday and Saturday of next week Callisto, the outermost satellite, may be seen, with the aid of field-glasses, to the right of Jupiter and somewhat below him, at about a third of the Moon's apparent width away. On Wednesday Ganymede, the Third satellite, may possibly be detected on the same side, but much nearer to the planet.

A very disturbed condition has been noted by expert observers on Jupiter this year—and, to a certain extent, last year. His mysterious Red Spot, which has puzzled astronomers since 1857, when it was first detected, and has waxed and waned from time to time, has been more in evidence, as if responding to some gigantic ebullition from below.

Red not 30,000 Miles Long

This so-called Red Spot (for thus it appeared in the comparatively small telescopes of half a century ago) is actually an immense oval area 30,000 miles long by about 7000 miles wide, and so very much larger than our Earth. To add to the mystery, this immense area is not a fixture on Jupiter, but travels at a slower rate than the surrounding regions of the planet.

The picture shows its size and position relative to Jupiter. It has lost its brick-red colour for many years, and since 1885 has periodically assumed a pinkish hue.

Another disturbed region at the present time is the North Equatorial Belt (shown in the picture). Even a small telescope will show this as a belt much wider than the rest. But more powerful instruments reveal many light and dark areas together, with spots which travel across Jupiter's disc with much greater rapidity than his other markings, and with velocities suggesting the whirl of cyclonic storms of vast extent and vortices large enough to envelop our entire world.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter south-west, and near the Moon on Friday, November 12. Uranus south, Mars south-east

S.O.S.

What Has Happened Before

Jim Selby receives a wireless call for help from the explorer Upton in Central Brazil. He begs Jim to get into touch with Professor Thorold.

Jim and his friend Sam Lusty at once start off, but have trouble with Stephen Gadsden, who pursues them in his motor-launch. They elude him, and hurry on, and presently are able to rescue a drowning boy—who turns out to be Greg Thorold.

Jim puts the Professor into touch with Alan Upton, who is in trouble in Hukak, one of the oldest inhabited cities in the world. The Professor decides to go to his assistance.

But, in spite of their efforts to keep the conversation secret, Gadsden has overheard every word by means of a dictaphone.

CHAPTER 14

Sam's Bright Idea

SAM stood frowning. "You mean that this dic-taphone works like a gramophone, and that once Gadsden's got it he can tell all the Professor said last night."

"That's it exactly," replied Jim, biting his lip with vexation. "The chances are that while we're talking here Gadsden is listening to every word that any of us said. He knows as much as we do by this time."

"Then it's no use following that chap that was here," said Sam with his usual common sense. "What we've got to do is to let the Professor know what's happened quick as ever we can."

"You're right, Sam, but how are we to do it?"

"You've got his address, haven't you? You can send him a telegram."

"The post office here doesn't open till eight in the morning, and it's not one yet. Before the telegram reaches the Professor Gadsden will have started."

"Ay, that's true," said Sam soberly. He thought a moment. "See here, Jim. Do you reckon we could get him on the telephone?"

Jim started. "Of course! Why didn't I think of it?" Then his face fell. "But there's no telephone in the village."

"That don't make no odds. I'll take your bicycle and ride to Bude. It'll be an all-night service there."

"I'll go," said Jim. "That you won't, Jim. Not with that hand of yours. You write down what I'm to say and give me the money, and I'll get it through."

Sam dressed in almost no time, and Jim gave him the written message and some money. "I haven't got his telephone number," he said, "but he's at the Howard Hotel in Norfolk Street, and if you ask the operator to let you look at the London Telephone Directory you'll easily find it."

"I'll get it some way, depend on that!" said Sam, as he wheeled the bicycle out of the shed. "I'll be back before daylight."

"What a brick he is!" said Jim, as he watched the bicycle light twinkling away in the distance. Then he turned and walked slowly back toward the house. He was thinking hard, wondering how on earth Gadsden's man could have got hold of a key to open the shed. It was a good lock, and not one that could be easily picked with a skeleton key. Jim had seen to that himself. Also there was only one key, and that Jim kept in a drawer in his own bedroom.

As he reached the house another thing struck him, which was that Mrs. Trant had not waked up. There was no light in her room. This was odd, because she was a light sleeper, and what with his shout and Sam's calling out there had been a good deal of noise. He remembered, too, what Sam had said about seeing his aunt counting her money the previous evening. An ugly suspicion began to form itself in his mind, and instead of going into the house he went into

The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

the wireless room, unlocked the cupboard, took out his money, and put it into his pocket. Then he went back to his bedroom, lay down and fell asleep.

He woke with a start. The room was quite light, and he jumped up like a shot and went to the window. Without even waiting to put on slippers he went out of his room and across the passage to Sam's room. He opened the door softly and peeped in, but only to see that there was no one there. "He ought to be back," he said anxiously. "It couldn't take him more than two hours to ride to Bude and back."

Going back to his room Jim dressed quickly, then went to the shed. But the bicycle was not there, nor was there any sign of Sam. Jim began to feel really worried, and after making certain that Sam was nowhere about the place he started down the road. There had been a little shower early in the night, and the tracks of the new bicycle tyres were quite plain in the drying dust. They led straight along the road as far as Gadsden's gate. There it seemed from the marks that Sam had dismounted, but why he had done so Jim could not imagine. The entrance to the driveway was covered with gravel, on which marks were not easy to trace, and Jim went down the road some way to see if he could find any fresh wheel marks. There were none, so he came back to the gate, and after a time made certain that Sam had gone no farther.

That being the case, it was plain that he must have gone in, and Jim came to the conclusion that Gadsden or his men had stopped him, for he could hardly imagine that Sam had gone in of his own free will. Come to think of it, this was exactly what Gadsden was likely to have done. His messenger would have told him that he had been chased, and Gadsden, of course, had put two and two together and laid his plans to stop news from getting to Professor Thorold. It was plain as a pike-staff; Jim could have kicked himself for not thinking of it before.

Suddenly he boiled over. He went straight to the gate and lifted the latch. To his surprise it was not locked. It opened; he walked in, and for the first time in his life found himself inside Gadsden's grounds.

CHAPTER 15

In the Lion's Den

THE grounds were big, and sloped toward the edge of the cliff. They were surrounded by a high and solid stone wall, and, though they had once been well planted, had now a dreary, neglected look, showing that their owner cared nothing for them.

Jim was too angry to be cautious. He walked up the drive to the front door and put his finger on the button of the electric bell. He did not really suppose that anyone would be up yet, so was surprised when almost at once the door opened and he found himself facing Gadsden's rat-like secretary, Sneed.

Jim did not wait for Sneed to speak. "Where is Sam Lusty?" he demanded curtly.

"Search me!" answered Sneed with a grin. "Have you lost him?"

Jim took no notice of the sneer. "He's here," he said. "I've tracked him."

Sneed watched Jim a moment. "I don't know where he is," he said. "You'd best come in and see Mr. Gadsden."

Jim hesitated, but only for a instant. He knew the risk he was taking. But Sam was in the house, and he had to get him out. He walked in, and Sneed closed the door behind him.

"Mr. Gadsden is dressing," said Sneed. "Come this way."

Sneed went straight upstairs, and Jim followed. Reaching the first floor they went down a broad

corridor with doors on each side. Sneed opened a door and went in. "This is Mr. Gadsden's sitting-room," he said to Jim. "His bedroom is beyond. I will find out if he is ready to see you." He went to a door on the far side of the room, knocked, then went through, and closed the door behind him.

Jim heard a sound of voices, and waited. Some minutes passed, but Sneed did not come back. At last Jim lost patience and tried the far door. It was locked.

"Are you there, Mr. Gadsden?" he asked sharply, but there was no reply. He hurried back to the passage door and turned the handle, only to find that that, also, was locked. Then he realised that he, too, was trapped!

CHAPTER 16

A Startling Offer

JIM was nearly frantic. He was furious with himself for having been foolish enough to walk into the trap in this fashion, but the worst of it was the knowledge that now Gadsden had things all his own way. He could pack at leisure and go off, knowing quite well that there was no chance of Professor Thorold hearing anything about his movements.

Jim ran to the window and looked out. It was twenty feet to the ground and bare gravel below. If he tried to drop he was certain to smash himself up, and there was nothing in the room of which to make a rope. He shouted, but there was no reply. Jim was not the sort to give up easily. He set himself to see if there were any way of breaking down the door, but it opened inwards and was as solid as rock, and he soon found that nothing but a hammer and cold chisel would be of any use. He had made his poisoned hand ache badly by his efforts, and at last he dropped into a chair.

Time dragged miserably, and Jim was nearly frantic when at last a key turned in the lock and Gadsden himself came in. Jim sprang up, ready to make a rush, but Gadsden stood in the way, and Jim had sense enough to know that he had not a dog's chance against him. Well over six feet, gaunt, powerfully built, Gadsden was a fine figure of a man. But his eyes were the colour of steel, and as hard. He smiled slightly.

"Rather put your foot in it, haven't you, Selby?" he remarked.

Jim paid no attention to the sneer, but went straight to the point. "Where is Sam Lusty?" he demanded.

"Just getting up," said Gadsden. "He was my guest last night."

"Then you confess you are holding him prisoner?"

"Why not?" replied Gadsden coolly. "If you and he are foolish

enough to walk into the lion's den you can hardly expect the lion to let you out again."

"Mrs. Trant will be looking for us," returned Jim. "And when she doesn't find us she will go to Mr. Trevenna."

Gadsden shook his head. "I am not worrying about Mrs. Trant," he said coolly.

All Jim's suspicions of the previous night boiled up again.

"You mean that she is in your pay?" he asked sharply. "That it was through her that you were able to hide that dictaphone in my wireless room?"

"We never tell tales out of school, Selby," said the big man mockingly. "By the by, that was smart work on your part. I mean your realising that it was a dictaphone I had been using. You've got a better head than most lads of your age."

Jim paid no attention to the compliment.

"You haven't told Sam?" he said earnestly.

Gadsden shook his head.

"About his aunt, you mean? No, certainly not. There is no reason that he should even suspect it so long as you keep your mouth shut." Then, seeing Jim's look of surprise, he added sharply: "I wish you would understand, Selby, that I have no grudge against you or Lusty. In fact, I rather admire your pluck and resource."

"Then why not let us go?" said Jim quickly.

"I will do so at once if you will give me your word not to communicate with Professor Thorold."

"You know I can't do that," replied Jim.

"Then I am afraid that you and Lusty will have to stay here until after I have left. I can't have my plans interfered with."

"But you have nothing to do with Alan Upton or this city," cried Jim.

"It is true I have nothing to do with Upton," replied Gadsden quietly, "but as for the Hula city, I have been working on it for years. I was in Rio before the war, and there got information which made me certain that the Hulas still exist, and that this city in which they live is very possibly the richest place in the world. These people think no more of gold than you or I of old iron. I have taken endless trouble to find out the exact location of their city, and now that I have found it I am not such a fool as to lose my chance."

Jim's jaw set doggedly.

"You stole the information, Mr. Gadsden," he declared. "You've told me as much."

Gadsden took no offence; he even smiled.

"It doesn't matter how I've got it so long as I have it, and I promise you I shall make much better use of it than a pottering scientist like Thorold. I am going into this thing on a big scale, Selby, and I mean to come out of it a rich man."

He paused and fixed his eyes on Jim. "There is no reason why you should not share in the profits, boy. I'll give you a chance to do so if you like."

Jim was so astonished that he could only stare.

"I mean what I say," said Gadsden.

"What do you mean?" Jim managed to get out.

"Why, that I can make good use of a youngster who has his head screwed on properly. Particularly one who knows Morse so well."

Jim stood stock still. He could not imagine what Gadsden meant.

"I mean it," said Gadsden again, rather impatiently. "If you care to sign on for this expedition with me I will take you as wireless operator and give you ten pounds a month, your kit and all found, including a second-class passage to Brazil. You will also get a share in the proceeds of whatever we bring back with us. If my calculations are right, and they're not often wrong, that should be enough to give you a very good start in life."

He paused again. "I'll venture to say that is more than Thorold has offered you. Is it a go?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Prime Minister

ONLY once in English history has there been a father and a son who could each be said to be, in his day, the most powerful man in England and in Europe.

This father and son had the same name; but the father lost it, popularly, when he became an earl. The son, however, remained a commoner and kept it.

From childhood the father believed that his second son would grow up to be a great public man, a master figure in Parliament. Yet the lad was so weakly that he could never be sent to school. His education till he went to Cambridge was private, or by reading. Everyone who knew him believed from childhood he would be famous.

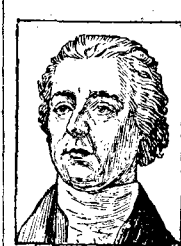
All these expectations were fulfilled. His father was the most commanding figure in the British Parliament, and the son, when he entered Parliament, was sure to be judged in comparison with him. He stood the test. When he first spoke as a member of the House of Commons one of the greatest of all English orators said of him, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself."

At the age of 21 he was a distinguished member; at 23 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; at 24 he was Prime Minister of England; and he remained in power for 17 years, "the favourite of the King, of Parliament, and of the nation."

But he had no easy task, for during his period of government the French Revolution came and disordered the world; the English King was, from time to time, mad, and often was stupid and stubborn when he was sane; and Napoleon Bonaparte arose, and sought to impose his will on Europe. Besides, English politicians were much divided. Yet England remained under his rule a rallying centre for the nations who would remain free.

When he came into power great abuses abounded and needed reforming. The money affairs of the nation were in a very unsound state. Bribery and corruption prevailed in politics. Party feeling and personal ambition were strong and bitter. He was a reforming patriot, and many of the changes he made were wise and most necessary. But often he was deserted by those who wished him to do more than could be done at the moment.

Just at the end of his life it seemed as if Napoleon were destined to win, and this great Englishman died in



despondency; but his influence lighted the way to victory.

He is buried near the entrance to Westminster Abbey, in the same grave as his father. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

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November 8, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



Be Glad and Your Friends are Many



DI MERRYMAN

A TRAMP knocked at the front door to beg for money. The householder declined to give him anything but a few words of helpful advice. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," he concluded.

"No doubt you are right, sir," replied the tramp; "but what is the use of moss to a man like me?"

A Puzzle in Rhyme

THOUGH small are my parts,
Though unskilled in the arts
Of lawyer, divine, or physician,
Yet tis very well known,
Both in country and town,
I'm consulted by every condition.

Employed by most nations
In various stations,
Esteemed by all manner of people:
Without legs I can go,
Sometimes humble and low,
And sometimes as high as a steeple.

Though with study and pains
I ne'er puzzled my brains,
An astronomer oft I appear,
And in music excel,
As thousands can tell,
Though I've neither got finger
nor ear. *Answer next week*

Is Your Name Peckett?

PECKETT is a variation of Pickett and means a little peak. Peak, Pike, Peck, and Pick all mean a hilltop, and the ett added is a diminutive. No doubt the ancestor of the Pecketts and Picketts lived near a little hill, from which fact he took his description that later became a surname.

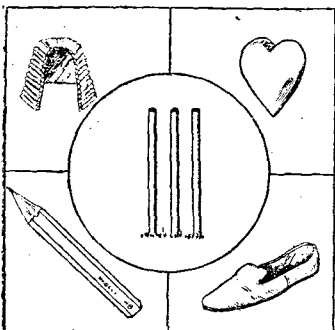
Threats at the Zoo

THE Porcupine squeaked to the Yak,
"I have arrows all over my back—
I might shoot one at you!"
Moored the Yak, "If you do,
I've a Keeper who'll give you a smack!"

Putting Him in His Place

A PEER was taking a stroll through his garden when he met a little boy whom he did not recognise for a moment. Then he remembered that the boy was his chauffeur's son.
"Now, I wonder if you know who I am?" said the peer with a smile.
"Oh, yes," replied the boy; "you are the man who rides in my daddy's motor."

A Hidden City



When you have found the names of the objects in this picture take two consecutive letters from each name, and these, when arranged in correct order, will spell the name of a historic English city. Can you find out what it is? *Solution next week*

WHY is a cart going downhill like St. George?

Because it is drawn with a drag on.

Wrong

TEACHER: Willie, give me an example of a collective noun.
Willie: A vacuum cleaner.

How do the present times differ from the olden times?

In the old days there were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and now there are drawers of wood, and ewers of water.

In Lighter Mood



A PETROL-LIGHTER which they'd found
Made Snip and Snap feel jolly.
"Away," laughed they, "with
Winter cares,
Away with melancholy!
This little stove will comfort us
Through months both long and dreary,
And Spring, when it comes round at last,
Will find us warm and cheery!"

What Did He Mean?

"DID you send your story to the publisher?"
"Yes; and he replied that he would lose no time in reading it."

Beheaded Words

WHOLE, I mean to keep
Together, and also divide;
Beheaded, I'm given and taken,
As well as often denied.
Behead once more, and of a house
I form a part, you'll say;
Behead, reverse, and then I give
A female's name; now, pray,
Once more behead, and then you'll see
I'm never absent from veracity. *Solution next week*

Plenty of Room at the Top

A BOY who had just left school went to a big city and entered the offices of the first firm he saw.
"I am willing to do any sort of work," he said to the manager.
"What chance is there here for a young man who is prepared to begin at the bottom and work his way up?"

"No chance at all, I'm afraid," replied the manager. "We are contractors for digging wells."

A Bear-Back Rider

THERE was an old fellow of Ayr
Who went to a neighbouring fair;
He made the folks smile
By riding a mile
On the back of a grizz-e-ly bear.

WOULD it be possible to build a house with pocket-handkerchiefs?

Yes, if they be cambric (became brick).

Caught by a Catch Question

TEACHER: Make up a sentence using the word "boycott."
Tommy: It rained hard the other night and the boycott a bad cold.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jumbled Rivers

Severn, Mersey, Thames, Parrett, Medway, Welland, Derwent, Humber.

A Charade Warwick

A Riddle in Rhyme Submarine

Jacko Makes a Bad Mistake

JACKO hated his piano lessons, but he didn't hate them more than his teacher, poor Miss Prim. She said she had never had to teach such a tiresome pupil.

"And so backward and unwilling," she told her friends.

"I'd much rather learn boxing," Jacko told Miss Prim one day. "I'll never be any good at music."

"I'm afraid that's true," sighed Miss Prim, "but we won't give up yet. Now then, One, two, three!" And she gave Jacko a sharp rap over the knuckles.

But one day Miss Prim had a great surprise. Jacko knew his piece perfectly. It really seemed as if he had turned over a new leaf.

"You will have to play at my pupils' concert," cried Miss Prim excitedly. "I am hiring the Town Hall."

Mrs. Jacko was delighted when she heard the news. And when the great day came she was even more excited than Jacko, especially when she opened the beautiful printed programme and saw Jacko's name there as large as life. He was to play a piece called The Merry Peasant, so the programme said.

At last Jacko's turn came, and he appeared on the stage looking very pleased with himself and not a bit nervous, much to Mrs. Jacko's relief. He fumbled about with the piano a



Miss Prim gave Jacko a sharp rap over the knuckles

good deal, but at last he sat down, ran his fingers through his hair, and began to play.

There was a wonderful burst of music, and Miss Prim nearly shot out of her seat. Jacko wasn't playing The Merry Peasant at all, but a difficult Sonata which she had never attempted to teach him.

"The boy's a genius!" gasped Miss Prim, with tears running down her face. "And to think that I never suspected it!"

Jacko got more and more excited as he played. He bounced up and down on the piano stool and his hands darted over the keys at a furious rate—or appeared to. When the music stopped there was a terrific burst of applause, and Jacko bowed so low that he nearly fell over.

But in the middle of his bow a voice rang out: "We are now going to listen to a little talk on Bee-Keeping by Mr. Neverstung."

Jacko had forgotten to switch off his wireless set, which he had hidden behind the piano before the concert, and turned on when it was time to play his piece!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Under the Eaves

A Shropshire reader sends us a note about his observation of the winter shelter sought by wrens.

Toward dusk he noticed several small wrens clinging to the wall of the house. Gradually more and more arrived, until the outside of the house seemed alive with them. Then he saw that they were roosting in martins' nests and similar places under the eaves.

Wrens often rear large broods. The sheltered eaves of houses are favourite roosting-places for many small birds. But wrens roost in the hedgerows as soon as the leaves give concealment. Often they make shelters, false nests, apart from the nest in which they rear their young.

The number our correspondent saw making a winter home of one house is extraordinary.

Sous les Bords du Toit

Un lecteur du Shropshire nous envoie une note de ses observations sur le refuge hivernal des roitelets.

Au crépuscule il observa plusieurs roitelets se cramponnant au mur de la maison. Petit à petit il en arriva d'autres, au point que l'extérieur du bâtiment semblait fourmiller d'oiseaux. Il vit alors qu'ils se juchaient dans des nids d'hirondelles et autres lieux semblables sous les bords du toit.

Les roitelets élèvent souvent de nombreuses couvées. Les bords abrités des toits servent fréquemment de juchoirs à nombre de petits oiseaux. Mais les roitelets se juchent dans les haies dès que le feuillage leur fournit une retraite. Ils construisent souvent des abris, de faux nids, éloignés du vrai nid dans lequel ils élèvent leurs petits. La quantité d'oiseaux que notre correspondant vit se faire un abri pour l'hiver est extraordinaire.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Postman

MICKY had a little bicycle given to him for his birthday. It pleased him very much, because he liked to pretend he was a postman like his daddy, who had to ride twelve miles each day to deliver his letters.

"Some day I'll be a real postman," Micky said. He meant when he was grown-up; but Micky was a postman long before that, and this is how it happened.

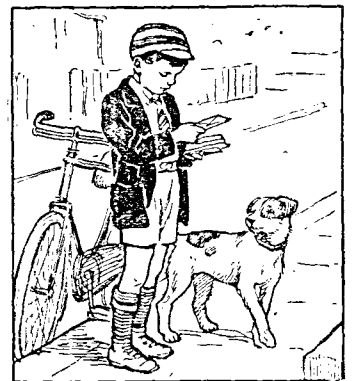
It was a cold, misty day, and the roads were ever so slippery. Micky's daddy had started on his round accompanied, as usual, by Spot, his dog. He was in the middle of a country lane when the bicycle skidded, and Micky's daddy fell off and hurt his leg so badly that he could not move.

"Go home," he said to Spot, "and bring Micky here." Then he made himself as comfortable as he could, and waited for Micky to come to him.

Spot scampered home, and found Micky had just been pretending to take a little message to one of his friends. Spot barked and jumped around him, and then darted down the road. Then he came back and barked again, and as clearly as anything said that he wanted Micky to follow him.

So the little boy jumped up on his bicycle and followed Spot till he came to where his daddy was lying.

"Take the letters, Micky, and deliver them," said his father. "See that the registered ones are signed for. And as you pass by a doctor's house send



Micky made no mistakes

him along to me. I am afraid my leg is broken."

So Micky took the bag and put as many of the letters as he could on the carrier, and then, with the bag much lighter, he put it across his shoulders.

The people of the villages tell to this day how Micky, the postman's son, carried their letters to them. He made no mistakes, and when he got back to the post office the postmaster shook hands with him and said: "Well done, Postman Micky!" Which made him feel very proud.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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INDIA-RUBBER ROAD • THE BIG TELESCOPE • DAIRYMAIDS COME TO TOWN



The Fireside in the Park—These men were at work in Hyde Park, London, during very cold weather, and they were glad to warm their hands at the brazier as they had their lunch.



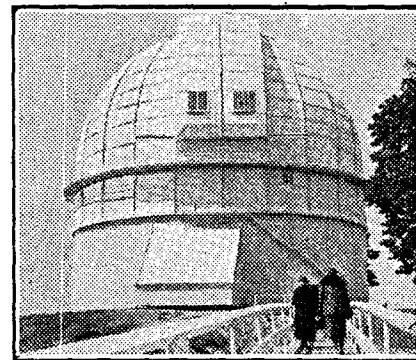
Bomb-Hole as an Ornament—This rockery in Bloomsbury is a hole made by one of the bombs dropped on London during the war, and it has been left almost in its original condition.



Whispering a Welcome—The children at the Lambeth Guardians School had a pet donkey, and now another has been bought for them. Here we see a greeting for the newcomer.



Prize-winners on the Scales—An exhibition of very small dogs was held at the Crystal Palace the other day, and the first prize in one of the competitions was awarded to these three little Pekingese dogs. When placed on the scales they weighed only a little over five pounds.



The Home of a Giant Telescope—Increasing numbers of tourists are now visiting Mount Wilson, California, to see the famous telescope which is housed in this revolving dome.



A Rubber Road—A street near the C.N. office has been relaid with rubber, and here we see the blocks being stuck together with tar.



The Park-Keeper's Assistants—These children are playing a useful game, for they are sweeping up the fallen leaves in a London park.



Fireworks for Guy Fawkes Day—At this time of the year there is a demand for fireworks all over England, and here we see a girl finishing off fireworks ready for the Fifth of November.



The Dairymaids Come to Town—The annual Dairy Show has just been held in London, and this picture shows three girls at work churning butter by hand during the exhibition.

A LITTLE FELLOW TOILING FOR US ALL—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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